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TOPPER

A Topper Exclusive

MAMIE UNVEILED

...AN INTIMATE AND DRAMATIC LOOK AT MAMIE VAN DOREN IN PICTURES SHE WOULD NEVER BEFORE ALLOW

THE TOPPER GANG MAKES THE DESERT SCENE IN THE ..

Last Fling of Summer

FELLINI

On A Baroque Merry-Go-Round

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Pioneer of Erotica

Classic Bedroom Tales:

The Galactic Decameron

TOPPER S PANEL SEX IN COLLEGE

EVERY MONTH A

NEW HAT FULL OF MAGIC

Hold on to your shirt and pants as you go through this new **Topper!** It is fast-moving, ribald, gutsy — full of good things for the ultra-male! The editors take a realistic view of **SEX** — after all, it's probably here to stay — and this is, therefore, no magazine for prudes.

But sex, of course, isn't everything (we don't remember who said that, but he probably hadn't seen our collection of girls!) So you will find in these pages a really interesting selection of articles hand-picked from contributions by many knowing writers. And the fiction! It's racy, humorous, bright (yes, and sexy, too).

The pictorials — and by that we mean **GIRLS** — are a shining example of womanhood in its most intimate and delectable form presented by photographers experienced in bringing out the individual highlights of each girl.

Here's hoping you will enjoy the new **Topper,** and that we can look forward to meeting you again in our next issue!

Magnificent Mamie Van Doren unveils for Topper! Nine pages of exclusive, sizzling pictures, beginning on page 18

WATCH FOR IT! Next Issue: Topper Throws a Halloween Blast!

TOPPER

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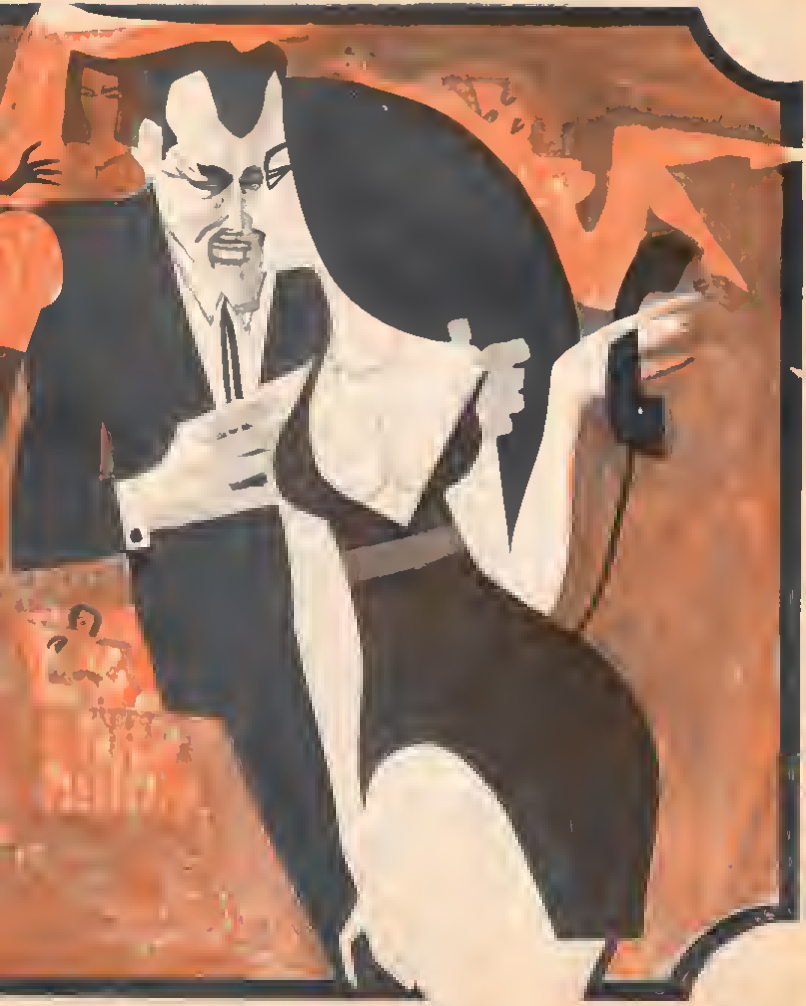
Muriel and Otis thought they'd achieved the ultimate in Space Age marital free-wheeling . . till old smoothie Harvey came along and added a brand new twist!

DESIGN FOR DALLIANCE

BY WILLIAM ENGELER

An affair with Muriel Spender was the last thing Harvey Lovejoy had in mind as he dressed for the party. There would be at least four other females present who came first. It was with something less than enthusiasm, therefore, that he responded to his wife's suggestion that he 'be nice' to Muriel at the party. 'How nice?' he asked, zipping Delphine up the back and pinching her bottom affectionately. "And why?' "Not that *nice,' Delphine admonished. "And because." With a pleased, "Please!" she pretended annoyance, as he continued with affectionate nuzzlings and like evidences of husbandly ardor to distract her from dressing. 'Otis is away again this weekend—it's shameful, the way he neglects that poor girl—and Muriel will be odd girls-out again at the party. I just thought it would be nice if you see to it she has a nice time. Not fabulous, you understand. Just nice.' "Mmm! I can see us now . . .' Harvey mused. 'Slipping out into the garden, under a full moon . . . my arm encircles her slender waist, whilst I whisper sweet nothings into her shell-like ear—' "It won't hurt you to be nice to her,' Delphine insisted. The trouble was it would, Harvey lamented as he eased the car out of the garage. It was a point of honor with Harvey never to attempt scoring with a married woman whose husband was not on the field of play. There was, after all, such a thing as ground rules. Also a conquest made under the very noses of the palace guards, so to speak, was a conquest to be remembered. Anything less, such as the pushing over of this Muriel Spender, whoever she was—one of Delphine's bridge club "girls" he shudderingly imagined—was unworthy of it. It was this tendency toward romantic idealism. Besides, he didn't see how he could possibly work this Spender number in, he decided, as he went about the pre-party ritual of spraying the car's interior with an atomizer of* Nuit d'Amour. *His first duty, of course, was to his hostess: to start up with any of the others before Stella Carter had been serviced would constitute a serious breach of etiquette. Then, there was the*



(continued from previous page)

Jones girl, and that divorcee from Anaheim. Plus whatever out-of-town talent might show up — one-shot targets to be hit on the wing, or perhaps lost forever . . . well, maybe something could be worked out.

"Harvey will you stop fussing with the car? The party will be over, by the time we get there!"

Delphine, heroically mashed into a size 12, after five little-nothing creation, heaved her size 38 quite some thing bulk into the passenger's seat. Lifting her head, she sniffed question ingly looking somewhat like a buffalo at a water hole. Harvey thought.

"Have you been spraying the car with that disgusting perfume again?" she demanded.

"Old clunk like this . . . have to do something about that musty odor" Harvey countered.. cheerfully.

Nuit d'Amour evoked no romantic sighs from Delphine's ample but passionless bosom. To Delphine the reclining seats, push-buttons, blinds and built in bar the car boasted were mere extravagant extensions of her Harvey's notoriously romantic nature. That her Harvey might ever be tempted to put such a mobile rumpus room to practical use was a fancy far beyond her limited powers of romantic imagination.

"You gas bill came today," she announced portentously.

Oh?" said Harvey.

"You must admit I'm extremely tolerant of your silly romantic notions — but the way you've been driving aimlessly about at all hours of the night lately, because you love the feel of wind in your face . . . really Harvey!"

Delphine sniffed again, this time like a buffalo who had found the water hole dry. "Thirty eight sixty five for one month's gas!"

"You pay for everything you get in this life," Harvey rationalized cryptically but contentedly. Just how much he had been getting was fortunately not itemized on the oil company's mouthly billing. Blondes, brunettes, redheads . . . Harvey did some rapid calculating as he drove and struck a trial balance of two and three-tenths gallons per conquest.

With a light heart he drove into the Carters driveway his pulse quickening joyously to party sounds wafted to them on the soft summer breeze.

"Remember now!" Delphine warned him as he ushered her through the magic portals to the chaotic party land within. "Be nice to Muriel."

"Dahlings!" Stella Carter's every inch the complete hostess in a skin-tight low cut go-to-hell dress clasped the new arrivals to her well-displayed bosom, managing to bestow a hous share of her mammary favors upon Harvey, while she was about it.

"Hello Stell" Harvey greeted her, while he counted noses and stuff over her shoulder. Amy, Carol, Lorraine . . . well-remembered shapes ebbed and flowed among the guests scattered about the room. "This is your life, Harvey Lovejoy . . ." he mused, happily.

"Did you have any trouble parking?" Stella asked solicitously. "With all those cars out front —"

"Matter of fact I'm double-parked," Harvey admitted. "Thought I'd bring Delphine in then park down the street."

"Why don't you drive around back," Stella suggested. "Wait, I'll show you where. Don't worry, Delphine — I'll take good care of him."

And that she did. Directing him to park beneath a giant shade tree at the rear of the house, she melted into his arms with an amorous sigh almost before the wheels came to rest.

"You're lovely as ever, my dear," Harvey murmured, stripping her with the speed and economy of movement of long practice. "My Moonlight Madonna . . ."

"And you're as mournfully romantic as ever." Stella chided him, contentedly. "But you'll have to hurry darling," she added regretfully. "I am the hostess you know, and we mustn't stay away too long."

"I understand, dear," Harvey patted her shoulder briefly and with a hurried glance at his watch moved on to more erogenous zones. Tonight's stepped up program did not allow for time-consuming displays of technical skill. Nonetheless, he took full advantage of the time allotted.

"You are beyond compare, my darling!" he breathed, as her rapturous sighs of satiety filled the moonlit garden. "By the way . . . who is this Muriel Spender my wife was telling me about?"

"Muriel?" Stella laughed with secret amusement as they strolled up the garden path to the house. "A real kook! Don't waist your time there, lover! Take my word for it, you wouldn't be interested" she added with a conviction that aroused Harvey's immediate interest.

Before he could press her for further details however Stella had resumed her duties as hostess, engrossed in the task of directing her guests in more formally organized fun and games.

Delphine, meanwhile, becoming vaguely aware that her Harvey was taking an unconscionably long time parking the car, addressed her suspicions to Muriel Spender.

"Poor Stella must be bored to tears by now, listening to Harvey go on about that garden out there," she remarked in tones of fond indulgence. "Harvey thinks every daffodil he sees is a collector's item, you know."

"Oh, yes!" Muriel Spender, a long-stemmed species herself, responded with polite interest. "I understand your husband is quite a collector."

Delphine smiled uncomprehendingly. Then her eyes lighted with pride as Harvey emerged in the doorway from the garden. "Here's Harvey now. Harvey! Over here!"

"Your wife tells me you're a connoisseur of garden paths, Mr. Lovejoy," said Muriel following introductions. "Perhaps you'll be kind enough to show me Stella's before the evening is over?"

Harvey beamed at her instantly revising his previously prepared proj ections as he eyed the breathtakingly proportioned passion flower blooming before him. This was a neglected wife? The man must be mad! Seating him self beside her, he gave an indulgent pat to one of her well-rounded knees. "It would be a pleasure, Mrs. Spender."

Several knee-pats later he suggested a stroll in the garden. Having promised Delphine to be nice to Muriel, Harvey was not one to shirk his responsibilities, wherever they lay. Or whoever. Dutifully he led her down the garden path, under the full moon.

"I'm really no gardening enthusiast, Mr. Lovejoy," Muriel confessed. "But, I did want to talk to you . . . alone." She squeezed his hand confidingly as he placed an arm about her waist. Harvey was momentarily tempted to shelve the script and whisper sweet nothings into her shell-like ear. But he had arrived late at the party and there was still a tight schedule to maintain. Several of the girls on his list of possibles were already involved in romantic excursions ranging from mild flirtation to minor seduction. Time was of the essence.

"Suppose we make ourselves comfortable, then and talk it over," he suggested, leading her to his car. As they sampled a pair of potent potions from the built in bar, he pushed a button and pulled her to him in the scented darkness as the blinds descended smoothly on the car windows. "My Moonlight Madonna . . ." he whispered, nibbling experimentally at a shell like ear.

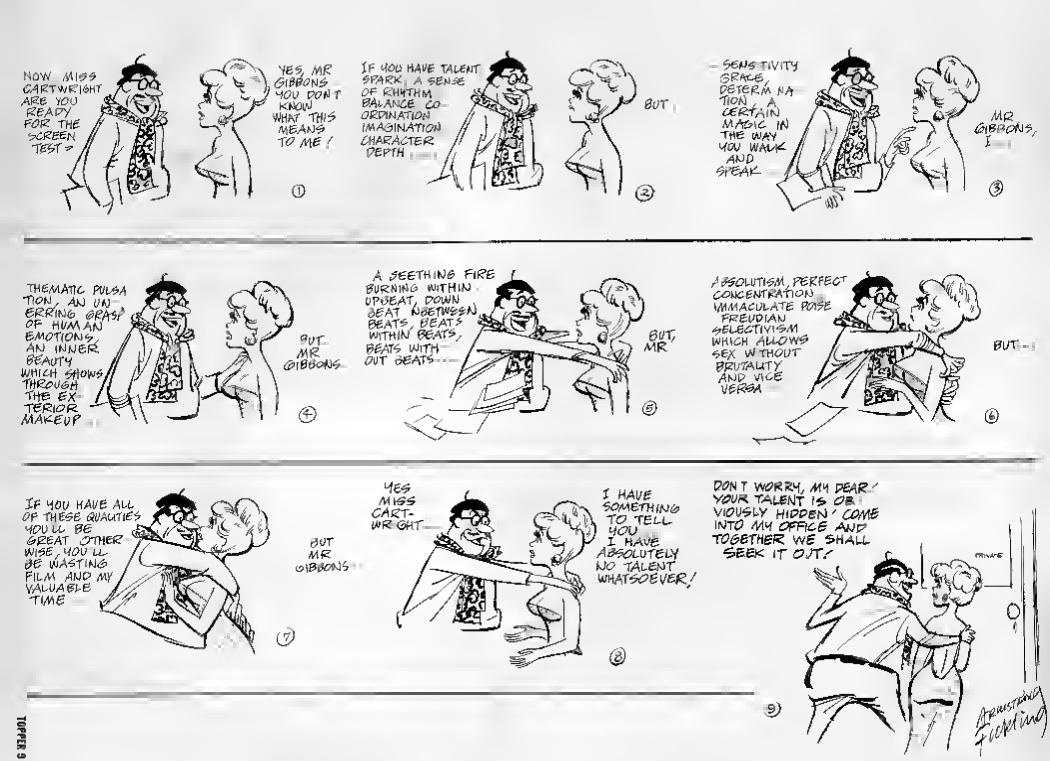
"What I wanted to talk to you about, Mr. Lovejoy —"

"Speak to me only with your eyes my darling." Harvey advised sliding a persuasive hand up the smooth contour of her thigh. "Let the sounds of love voice our thoughts."

"You *would* be interested then?" Muriel persisted. "In having an affair with me I mean?"

You bet!" agreed Harvey momentarily out of poetic analogies.

Continued on page 70


NOW MISS CARTWRIGHT ARE YOU READY FOR THE SCREEN TEST?
YES, MR GIBBONS YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME!
1
IF YOU HAVE TALENT SPARK, A SENSE OF RHYTHM BALANCE CO-ORDINATION IMAGINATION CHARACTER DEPTH
BUT
2
SENSITIVITY GRACE, DETERMINATION A CERTAIN MAGIC IN THE WAY YOU WALK AND SPEAK
MR GIBBONS, I
3
THEMATIC PULSATION, AN UNERRING GRASP OF HUMAN EMOTIONS, AN INNER BEAUTY WHICH SHOWS THROUGH THE EXTERIOR MAKEUP
BUT MR GIBBONS
4
A SEETHING FIRE BURNING WITHIN UPBEAT, DOWN BEAT INBETWEEN BEATS, BEATS WITHIN BEATS, BEATS WITHOUT BEATS
BUT, MR
5
ABSOLUTISM, PERFECT CONCENTRATION IMMACULATE POISE FREUDIAN SELECTIVISM WHICH ALLOWS SEX WITHOUT BRUTALITY AND VICE VERSA
BUT
6
IF YOU HAVE ALL OF THESE QUALITIES YOU'LL BE GREAT OTHERWISE, YOU'LL BE WASTING FILM AND MY VALUABLE TIME
BUT MR GIBBONS
7
YES MISS CARTWRIGHT
I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO TALENT WHATSOEVER!
8
DON'T WORRY, MY DEAR! YOUR TALENT IS OBVIOUSLY HIDDEN! COME INTO MY OFFICE AND TOGETHER WE SHALL SEEK IT OUT!
PRIVATE
9
Armstrong Fielding

DR. TAYLOR

DR ROSE

MODERATOR

LOU STANNA

MODERATDR

Does what a young person is taught at home about sex conflict with what he finds and learns about sex on the campus?

LDUIS STANNARD

In most cases, definitely yes Americans are still essentially brought up in a Victorian atmosphere As a result, when they get to the campus stage, they quickly discover that what they've been taught about sex and morality is contrary to what really goes on

CLAUDIA HARRIS

Once in college a student goes along with the crowd. Whatever is the vogue there, that's what he'll usually identify with. . . even though the vogue may go against his inner feelings or what he's been taught at home

DR. ROSE

On the American campus we find that outwardly we profess a puritanical type of moral code, but inwardly we actually live a very licentious life. What the student learns at home and what he learns on the campus has very little to do with the reality of sex We have a cultural gap on the campus The administrators and teachers are not only for the most part in their fifties and sixties, their attitude to sex is even older These people are so ignorant about the topic, even the younger ones, that they support a public morality that has nothing to do with what is really in the minds of their students All you have to do is work in a psychological clinical for awhile to see just how disturbed and preoccupied students are with sex

SANDY AYRE

I find from my own experience that on the campus you will do things that you don't normally condone, but you'll do them anyway just to be accepted Also, I believe that the kids that spout off about how much they know and how much they've done in the sex department, know little and have done less

DR. RDSE

Quite true

SANDY

My mother always thought she was up-to-date and I did too, but when I got into college—I realized I didn't know anything And what you do find out from other students is so shaded with dirty words and snickering that it makes sex sound ugly.

DR. ROSE

In American colleges teachers operate as if Dr Freud never lived. For example, this type of discussion could not go on in any college in the United States, because any professor who would dare teach the real facts about sex would not last—what would you say, Dr.

DR. TAYLOR

Oh, only that day! ... You know, a whole artificial kind of morality develops on college. That factor, plus the sterile manner of teaching that prevails at most colleges, contributes to the invariable forming of a nucleus of students who revolt to this situation. And quite often you'll find such a nucleus, out of boredom and in protest to the artificial morality that has been imposed upon them, establishing secret sex societies and engaging in wild orgies.

MODERATOR

Would anyone care to estimate how large a part the hope for a sexual adventure plays in motivating a young person to college?

LOU

I would say that, at least as far as boys are concerned, it has no impact at all. As for girls, I don't think a girl goes to college necessarily in search of a sexual experience, she's more interested in finding a husband in school—preferably one with dough. This whole business of sex between the male and female is different. For the male, sex *is* sex for sex's sake. For the female, sex represents security and a home.

DR. TAYLOR

I think if we examine these generalizations they frequently break down, Lou. I don't really believe boys look for sex just for its own sake. I've yet to interview one boy in college who feels this way personally. He may say he does to his buddies, but upon analysis you'll find that he's just mouthing status talk among the male students.

DR. ROSE

What you also have to consider is that, in the American male there's a tremendous and unrecognized homosexual component, the origin of which we can attribute to the fact that he's usually raised by women. What he's out after regarding sex is putting notches on his gun to prove to his unconscious that he's not a homosexual. In short, to a large extent his sexual adventures are governed by the need to prove to himself that he's not a homosexual.

BILL JORDAN

In conjunction with your first and your second question, Norm, I'd like to go on record by saying that, what I learned about sex at home was far overshadowed by what I learned from the campus group I identified with. Furthermore, when I went to college I definitely hoped I'd learn an awful lot more about sex, in terms of information and certainly in experience, too. When I finally dug

(continued on next page)

CLAUDIA HARRIS

SANDY AYRE

BILL JORDAN

TOPPER PANEL: SEX ACTIVITIES ON CAMPUS

The opinions of sex Life and mores on Campus are those of the participants themselves. Taking part in this free and uninhibited discussion were: Dr. Mason Rose, Psychoanalyst and Research Director with the Institute of Creative Arts and Sciences, Hollywood, California; Dr. Irving Taylor, Professor of Psychology, Lecturer at the University of California at Los Angeles, and faculty member of various colleges for the past twelve years; Louis Stannard, Denver University; Bill Jordan, University of Cincinnati; Claudia Harris, California Baptist College; and Sandy Ayre, Trinity College. Norman Winski acted as moderator.

(continued from previous page)

the campus scene, nothing I learned at home had prepared me for the massive onslaught of knowledge I received at college—and not on the academic level either.

MODERATOR

Is college life *more* or *less* conducive to sexual freedom than a non-college life for the young man and woman?

BILL

I think that, as far as sex is concerned, you're under the spotlight when you're in college. All of campus life seems to move and center around sex.

DR. TAYLOR

Can I add one thing to that, Norm? I think that in college you have another kind of force operating, and that is a dichotomizing force. As a result, we find that students have either much more sexual activity than they would normally have in society, or they really get kicked out and have much less—or they get split into two groups.

DR. ROSE

I agree and add, it all depends upon which group and which college they join. For instance, when I attended college I went to two different universities in two different sections of the country. I was terribly shocked whe I came to S.C. Because at Duke we had our own bar in the fraternity house and enjoyed a very sophisticated social life in general; we wore coats and ties when we went to classes and the girls dressed very smart. But when I went to S.C., their idea of a very daring thing to do was to go out to a Saturday night beer-bust and neck. Whereas at Duke, at the fraternity to which I belonged, most of the fellows kept apartments in town for the express purpose of consorting with coeds. To come out to S.C. and enter such a rah-rah, essentially high school atmosphere—which still prevails over there, by the way—was and still is shocking. As a matter of fact, I don't think I'm shamelessly generalizing when I say that Western Colleges are far more juvenile than the average Eastern College. Even the proverbial campus bull-sessions about girls on the Western Campus are incredibly naive. And my profession has brought me in contact with a number of them. On the other hand, at Duke, or even at Phillip Exeter where I went to prep school, we discussed sex with the worldliness of hoary debauchees compared to the pablum you still hear on the average California campus today.

SANDY

Frankly, Norm, from a girl's standpoint I think college life is more inhibitive than conducive to sexual activity. Mainly because a girl has got this reputation thing to protect. Believe me, a girl is afraid to let loose even a little, 'cause if she does, word will spread like wildfire.

MODERATOR

Let me ask you a specific question, Sandy. Isn't it true that some of the campus big guns will try to intimidate a girl into an affair by threatening to spread the rumor thta she's a deadbeat if she doesn't play ball?

SANDY

I myself have never had that experience, but it has happened to some of my sorority sisters—with this interesting twist. If a girl doesn't come across, and the guy burns, he's more apt to spread the word that she's a swinger, not a deadbeat.

MODERATOR

In other words, she becomes more rather than less popular?

SANDY

The point is you never know what will happen, whether she swings or she doesn't. Either way the guy in question is surely going to say he made it with her. One thing that definitely does happen, though, is that the guy who uses pressure tactics on a chick invariably gets blackballed by the rest of the girls.

MODERATOR

Are there some girls though, Sandy, that will cooperate with the fellow to be accepted into a popular clique?

SANDY

I definitely think there are, but, because girls are usually pretty close-mouthed about such things, you hear about such a girl from the boys. On the other hand, and I know this sonds catty and it is, you find that if a girl is very popular and her sorority sisters aren't quite sure why, they're just as apt to spread rumors that the girl must be putting out to the fellows to rate so high.

BILL

On your question, Norm, regarding campus life being more or less conducive to sex, I would imagine that, due to an overdose of education on the topic, and the fact that the student is away from his parents, I would say there's a lot more action *on* campus than off. At least that's what I found to be true.

DR. ROSE

You can go on with your question, Norm, to Dr. Kinsey's quantification bit and you'll find that there's a direct relationship between the disappearance of sexuality and the amount of education a woman gains. College men and women are much more prone to pet to mutual fulfilment. Whereas a class of people of

corresponding age who are not in college, like waitresses and mechanics, have been statistically shown to go the full and natural gamut for fulfillment, putting less emphasis on petting and more on the real thing I'd like to add at this pointn, Norm, that according to my observations, the more highly social a fraternity the less sex will there be between the sexes on the campus. Here are a couple of reasons why. Because the boys have an overly idealized image of the sexual purity of the girls they fraternize with on the campus, they'll roam off the grounds and consort with the first non-college girl they'll meet before tarnishing this image And because the coeds certainly don't want to destroy this image, and they're usually more fearful of social stigma, if they're going to play around, it likewise will be done with non-college members of the opposite sex. And amongst the higher fraternities, if there is dallying with girls on campus, the girls invariably belong to lower sororities, because the boys can't imagine that a girl of their own upper class would go to bed with them before marriage.

CLAUDIA

And the girls, Dr. Rose, from the higher sororities are probably frolicking with the boys who belong to the lower fraternities, right?

DR. ROSE

Right. The truth of the matter is that both sexes of the better fraternities are frolicking with people off the campus.

MODERATOR

Dr. Taylor, you're being left out of the picture a little too much. Let me direct a question expressly to you. Does sexual preoccupation, either because of too much, too little, or no sexual outlet in school, enfeeble a student's learning capacity.

DR. TAYLOR

Certainly any sort of excessive preoccupation is going to prevent any fruitful involvement with education in the usual sense. Also, I think that the whole business of sex and education are such contrary things to the average student that he has difficulty in putting them together I again go back to the theme I tried to develop earlier To most college students the coldness of academic life drives them to invent bizarre sensual if not outright sexual surrogates They're so hungry for sex that they'll often band together at night and get their kicks beating frenzied drums and filling the room with sensual smoke

MODERATOR

We seem, ladies and gentlemen, to have been successful in describing an ailment, but no one thus far has thrown any light on a possible cure If our educational system as it now stands works against the libido of the young, what do you educationalists and students profess we do about such a situation? Do we re-structure our educational system to accommodate the libido in a more mature, natural way?

DR. ROSE

Actually that's a loaded question, Norm, because I happen to be one of the founders of a new approach in education that handles this and many other vital problems which the conventional college doesn't even recognize, let alone resolve

MODERATOR

Without getting involved, Doctor, what sort of an approach is it?

DR. ROSE

It's an approach to developing all the many sides of the personality —the whole man—not just the intellect. To do what we call at the Institute "Creative Education" justice would take us too far astray from your central topic here, Norm. But I will say that "Creative Education" not only provides academic information, it constantly aids the individual in finding practical solutions in all of his life situations Learning through living, as it were. . . Getting back to your question, Norm, you put your finger on the heart of the problem Sex as seen in our educational system is something kept off in a corner, to be taught under the particular prejudices of the people who are teaching Obviously this is not good

MODERATOR

The next question is open to any one who wishes to pick it up . . . Because the percentage of marriages that begin on the campus and end in divorce is alarmingly high, I wonder if this fact doesn't signify a general confusion on the campus between sex and love. In other words, do you think that many students marry thinking they are in love, whereas in reality they are marrying for sex?

LOU

I think that more than fifty percent of people who marry, on or off the campus, marry because of sex A lot of them probably tell themselves it's love, but if you really get to the heart of their motives, you'll find it's the promise of regular sexual gratification they're after.

MODERATOR

Do you think that if students led a more active sex life they'd be less inclined to make this mistake of equating sex with love?

LOU

I most certainly do Experience in this area before marriage can't

Continued on page 87

THE OPENING

Oh I suppose it all came to
n head the night I was in
trodnced to Mary Ellen
Schwartz at a frat party when
I was a Junior at State U There
she stood by the punchbowl looking
like the next step in the evolution
of woman I d been frantic to meet
the gorgeous blonde all semester
and I lunged for her extended hand
like a trout going for a lure
Then it happened My tongue developed
paralysis I had psychoed myself out All I
could do was stand there and grin and nod
and try to keep from drooling too
noticeably I m certain I went
down in Mary Ellen s book as a
creein I deserved the classifica-
tion
This is the great American para
dox We males have invented the earli
est steamboat and the latest missile but
put us next to an eager young thing with the
scent of *Man* singeing her nostrils and we can t think of
anything original to say

The time of introduction is the most crucial moment in boy girl relationships Just when we must be poised, self confident and charming we are too often nervous shaking and clodish After years of anguish painful study, and experimentation I have devised the following systems of introduction Feel free to adopt any of them for your own individual usage Remember whether or not a girl can be had for a song depends on a man s pitch

The Startling Remark System Observations on the weather and the latest baseball scores will quickly identify you as a creep The proper approach is to utter something that will at once catch her interest Here are a few opening remarks that I can practically guarantee will hold the gal s attention

"This? Oh it s just a grass snake I carry around for companionship Like to hold it?"
"Oh Miss I noticed your slip was showing from way across the room and
I ll never forget when Dad gave me my first Cadillac I was just sixteen
"My that s a beautiful anklet Does the other one match it?"
"I call my small yacht Sophia!"
"Do you believe in lust at first sight?"
"Dad s angry at me this week Cut my allowance down to $400!"

The Man of Action System No matter how the sophisticated young woman may try to sublimate her inner desires and yearnings she instinctively admires a man of force vigor and obvious virility
A series of well executed cartwheels around the room and back to the girl is both colorful and impressive Some enterprising fellows arrange a series of chairs divans and end tables about the room and then jump hurdles If the light fixture is a sturdy one I have employed the one hand chin to great advantage

APPROACH

An educated hello can mean a blonde in the sack!

humor/by Mark Crane

Fifteen or twenty fast pushups at the girl's feet while balancing a drink on your head makes an adequate opener to any conversation. Standing on your head is. I'm sorry to report, now a minute passé.

There are, of course, certain dangers inherent in the very nature of such violently physical dame impressers. A good friend of mine who used to awe the gals by suddenly hoisting them to his shoulders and jumping them across the room, lost out with a lustrous redhead one evening by not being watchful of a low doorway.

The Indifference System

Nothing bugs a beautiful broad more than being ignored. A gal who is lovely and knows it, is used to flattery and is extremely disturbed when she doesn't get it.

If you should be confronted with some luscious babe some enchanted evening, discipline yourself to making these tried and tested remarks.

"Pardon me, what is your name? I didn't catch it when we were introduced."

"Did you hear about—" take a long pause while you look about the room as if seeking more pleasant companionship.

"Pardon me, would you mind repeating that?" Use this after she has just finished a long and involved explanation on some esoteric subject like identifying the Scottish tartans. As she repeats it, stifle several face-contorting yawns.

Why there's Jane Slovenly! Doesn't she look lovely? She's so charming!" This is especially effective if exclaimed about some very plain girl who has just entered the room. Follow this step through by dashing to plain Jane's side, kissing her hand, and babbling in excited monosyllables. By the time you have rejoined your lovely new acquaintance, she will be eager clay waiting to be modeled by your willing hands! Unless she's already left with some weakling who caters to her every whim.

The Blow for Blow System

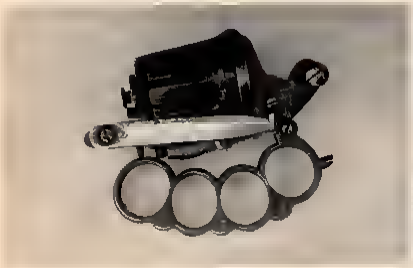
You may encounter some chick who's too callous to be impressed by any of the preceding systems. She may become nasty and vindictive—even rude. If this should occur, by all means do not regress to your former inept state. Stand up to the sharp-tongued wench. Give her blow for blow, tit for tat. Below I have prepared a list of some of the more common feminine squelches with some sharp rejoinders for you to fire back at her.

"*I never speak to strange men on the street!*" What should I do, open an office?"

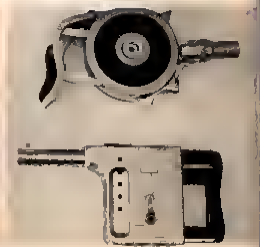
"*My mother doesn't approve of necking!*" "But I don't want to neck with your mother!"

"*Can't you be serious?*" "If I could, would I be here with you?" "*You can't make a fool of me!*" No, because Nature beat me to it!" "*Do me a favor and drop dead!*" But then they'd mistake us for twins!"

(L.) Two different types of pocket-knife pistols. What the best dressed killer of yore used to wear! (R.) German pocket automatic. The favorite of haute fraus



(L.) French apache dagger pistol. Note attached brass knuckles for that extra something. (R.) Single-barrel, double-action percussion pistols. Deadly darlings of Victorian dandies



(L.) French elevator gun. Made even a midget feel unusually tall. (R.) Top: Chicago palm gun. Bottom: French squeeze pistol. Shake my hand and surprise!

THE GUNSWINGERS LEXICON

A Connoisseur's Collection Of Antique Killers

NO GUN-COLLECTION IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THE PRIZED PEPPERBOX.

Ever since the Chinese invented gunpowder and cannon became a part of European warfare in the 14th Century, men and boys have been fascinated by guns. Invention of the musket and then the pistol in the 16th Century made shooting much handier, and the pistol supplanted the sword as the favorite dueling weapon—though TOPPER still prefers cream puffs at fancy parties.

Pistols of centuries ago were much fancier than the streamlined efficient models of today, and old firearms exert a powerful lure for hobbyists. A collection of old pistols can be put together at a surprisingly modest cost, and it's a great conversation piece. It bears etchings.

Among the prized rarities pictured on these pages are a Chicago palm gun and a French squeeze pistol, both highly popular and useful items in their day. Also note the French apache dagger pistol—precursor of today's switchblade knife. For use in the dark byways of the Left Bank, this wicked little grenade came complete with brass knuckles as well as a dagger—rigged to spring out at the touch of a button.

Other prized collectors' items are the French pinfire, the pepperbox, the Philadelphia derringer, the French elevator gun, the "My Friend" knuckle duster.

For the information of the neophyte, a pistol is any small firearm with a stock designed to fit the hand, and a short barrel or barrels. Named from its birthplace at Pistoia in Tuscany, it was invented in the early 1500's and gradually improved in design. About 1420 the wheel lock device was replaced by the flint-lock. On this introduction of breech-loading, the single shot muzzle-loading pistol was supplanted by pistols with a revolving chamber, called properly enough, revolvers. The automatic pistol, operating by recoil, was introduced in 1893.

A derringer, named after its inventor, is any short-barreled pistol of large caliber.

Genuine old pistols are becoming rarer and rarer, but there are still quite a few of them around. In recent years a specialized business has developed in the production of replicas of rare guns, reproducing the originals faithfully. Ry Hunter of Hollywood, one of the leading manufacturers of these copies, reports heavy demand for them among both collectors and shooters. They're for real—they shoot—of course with specially made ammunition!

A TOPPER EXCLUSIVE!

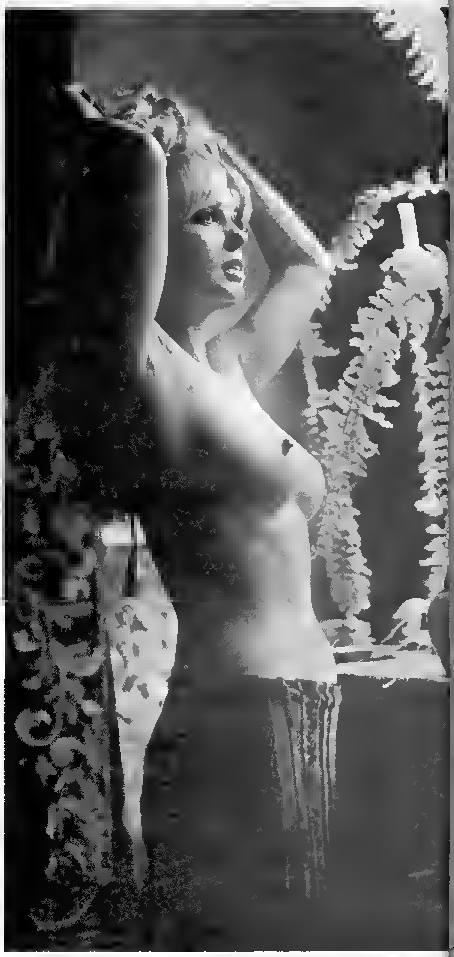
Magnificent Mamie

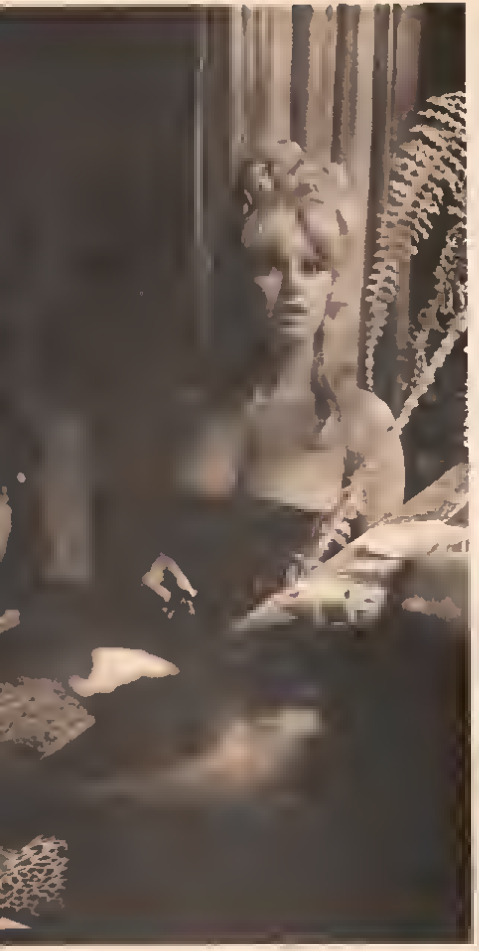
Mamie Van Doren, darling of the international film set and famed sex symbol, bares all for TOPPER in this exciting picture session. Nothing like these have ever been published before!

PHOTOS BY MAX B. MILLER/HAIR STYLINGS BY DON MORAND

It took a lot of persuading, a lot of cajoling — but TOPPER did it! We got luscious, lovely Hollywood sex symbol Mamie Van Doren to pose in the most revealing, intimate set of pictures ever taken of her by any magazine in this or any other country!

Mamie has never before consented to reveal her beautiful figure completely undraped. This sexy, bushy woman — who has wowed the world with her natural beauty and perfect figure — has always shied from shedding the seventh veil.

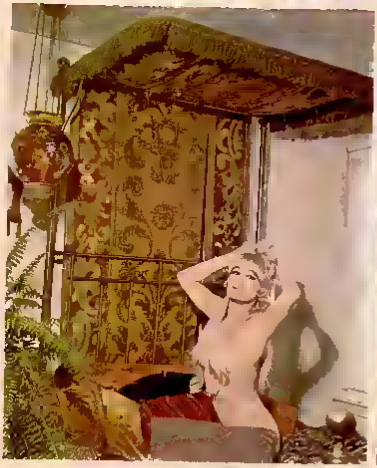


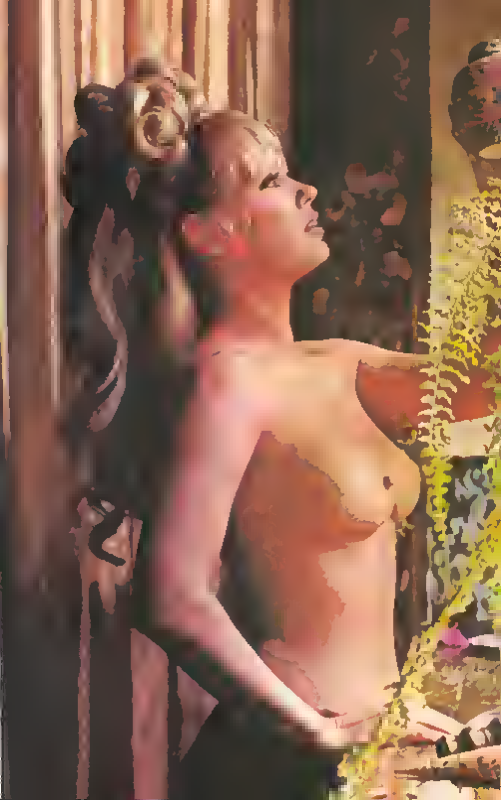


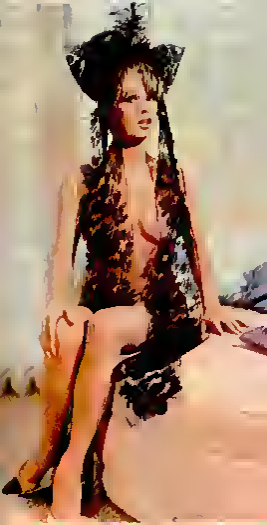
Now she has done it... exclusively for TOPPER!

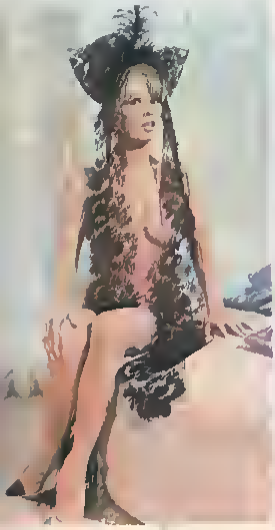
In a series of personal interviews in her beautiful home in the hills above Hollywood's famed Sunset Strip our cameramen captured all the lush magnificence of this appealing star who has delighted cinema audiences wherever films are shown.

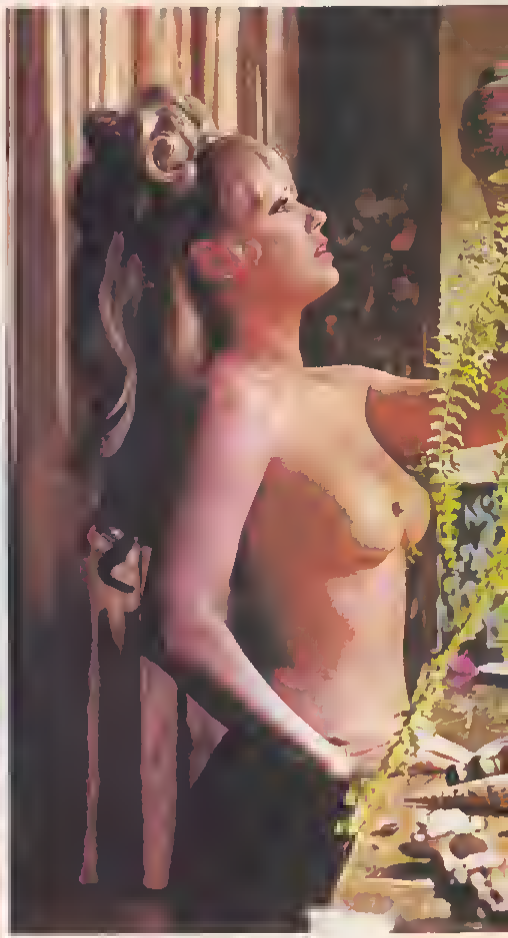
For TOPPER, Mamie delightfully shed the reserve that has kept other megastars at arm's length. These magnificent pictures are the result!







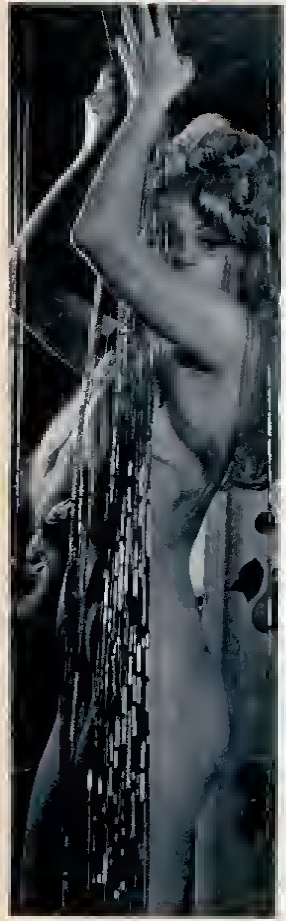


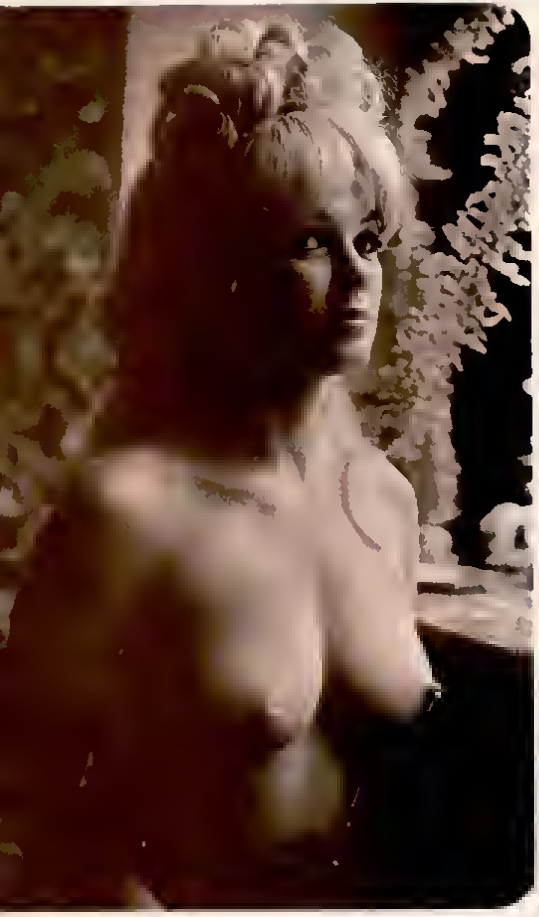


The new Mamie is now emerging from the chaneng chrysalis of Hollywood. Between films she is planning a sophisticated entertainment schedule at New York night spots like the Persian Room and at leading hotels.

She has just written a revealing, sometimes poignant autobiography. It includes many of the sizzling episodes in her life that earned her the title of "Hollywood Sexpot."

She talks frankly of her loves during her early struggle for fame, and of the men who came after. She names names candidly but in no spirit of malice, rather as a purging of the past.





The book, *My Naughty Naughty Life*, will appear on newsstands in late July under the Century label. It will contain other exclusive pictures of Mamie as no one has ever seen her before, including a full-color photo insert!

Samples of Mamie's philosophy from her forthcoming book: "If I go for a man I go 100 per cent. If I don't, he hasn't a chance. I have to like a man before he can make time with me and I'm like a gourmet who has dined on the finest foods. It takes a startling delicacy to whet my appetite now."

Another note: "If I have strayed it has been the honest straying of a hedonistic young woman who still believes there must be a taste of rare spices of life if one's existence is to be fully experienced and enjoyed."

Mamie's latest film is Harlequin International's *Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt*, in which she plays a stripteaser who likes bath-in beer! The film was produced by and also stars Tommy Noonan, well-known Hollywood figure.

Mamie said after seeing scenes from the film: "People will think I'm a lush!" In actual fact Mamie doesn't drink nor does she smoke.

But in these TOPPER pictures, you'll agree, she fairly smoulders!

"I can never fully understand why, in this vertical world, men prefer me horizontal"

Its ancient magic was for virgins and that can change any time!

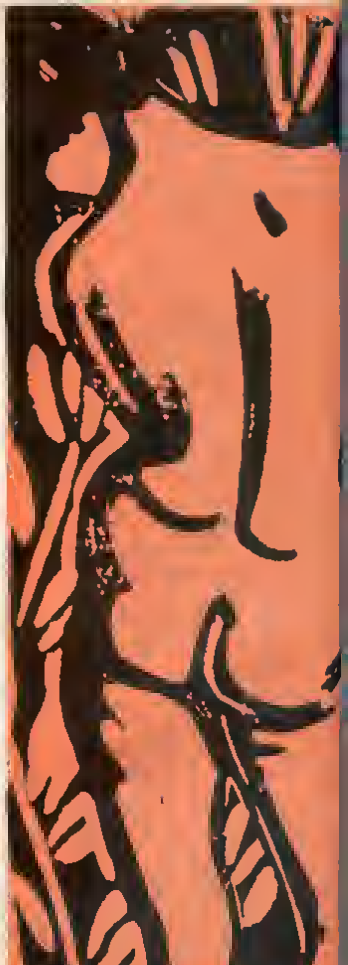
Smelling of damp and mold and centuries of valley dust, the walls of the old castle rose like some fantastic backdrop to a scene from hell. Colette, the youngest of the chornes, shuddered at the sight of it behind the tent, shuddered in spite of the night air that carried only a darker version of the afternoon heat. Quickly she closed the flap and dressed herself in the brief costume peasants once before the tiny mirror to admire the long taper of her thighs and the rise of her breasts that were not hidden by the flounce of lace at her bodice.

But it was still an hour before entrance and the stuffiness of the tent became thick. Colette opened the flap again and stood motionless in the entry, waiting and watching the night for the something she felt would happen. But her eyes were drawn back to the castle wall and the ancient pull of childish tales opened her mind to ogres and princes and romance that whispered its eternal theme with roses and deeds of gallantry.

Then her involuntary fear of the wall seemed to melt, and she walked towards it without knowing why or really wanting to. The wall was cool to her touch. Her hands touched it tentatively at first, her slim fingers growing more familiar with the damp and slimy smooth surface. Then the full force of her palms pressed against it, seeking its relieving coolness. She pressed her face against it, and it did not feel cool any longer, but warm like the embrace of a young lover. She felt a strange surge of wanting flush through her body, skimming lightly like the fingers of a prince down the length of her legs then back again to flutter against her stomach and over her breasts. She could feel the cheeks of shame burn into her being, but she did not try to chase the feeling away.

A cloud passed over the moon, but Colette was not afraid any more. She would hold this precious feeling, she thought. Keep it, let it warm and chill me at the same time. And she did not pull away from the wall.

Suddenly the musty damp of the wall ceased in her nostrils and was replaced by a pungent antiseptic smell, but not gently or persuasively as the wall had done with its ancient perfume, but harshly and with thick muscular fingers that covered



her mouth stopping the shriek that her mind wanted to vocalize even before it formed in her brain. Another arm was about her, crushing her waist to the thick body behind her. She tried to run, but the thing behind her held tightly, lifting her without effort and then moved with her slowly along the wall for a few minutes.

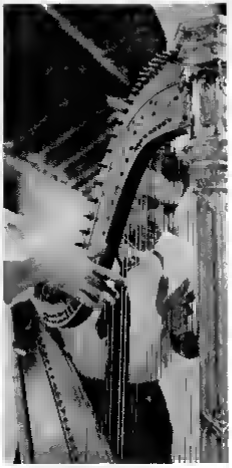
Her arms were pinioned at her side; she her head could not move more than to see a trace of fineness in the cloud cover that threw darkness of total black around her. She awoke suddenly and felt the shame of nakedness even before she felt the weight of the body over her, pressing down, down with fist-piercing crush then an agonizing vibration that crescendoed about her head with all the might of her mind's emotional orchestra. And then it was quiet.

Once again she could smell the cool and antique dampness of the wall nearby, its dry and wet simultaneousness soothing her into a calmness. Giolette rose from the soft moss of the ground and found that she was in a tiny grotto of the wall. For comfort, she went to the wall and touched it, but it felt only cold and slimy. She withdrew her hand in repulsion and ran screaming back to her tent, the remnants of her costume in tattered and muddied shreds.

She did not have to perform that night, but the next morning she was sent to the town doctor. He beds her lie down on the table and prepared to examine her. As he came close to her, she knew. She knew. But the cry that could not escape the night before no longer had any desire to. She reached up to him, pulling his head down to her mouth, inhaling the antiseptic fragrance, before she pressed her lips against it. "Do it again, doctor."

fellini:

GENIUS ON A BAROQUE MERRY-GO-ROUND



This Award-winning Italian's "fresco fantasies" mirror the all too real decadence of modern society!

There is a traffic jam in the tunnel. Bumper-to-bumper several automobiles and a bus are stalled there. Passengers hang out of the windows of the bus. The cars seem to be waiting an eternity for the light to change. In one of the autos, a driver sits by himself.

With the motor of the car running, he is overcome by fumes. The windows won't open. He bangs on them for help, but the occupants of the other cars look on stonily. He makes one last desperate effort to break free.

Then, suddenly, he is floating away over the tops of the cars. He soars in the sky over the seacoast, only to be dragged back to earth (kite fashion) by a man pulling on a rope tied to his leg.

He awakens with a start in a large room at a resort hotel. A doctor is dictating a prescription to a nurse at his bedside. The patient needs a rest cure. Later, he is strolling aimlessly through the spacious, park-like grounds of the resort. He notices an ethereal nurse passing out mugs of mineral water. He is moved by her iridescent beauty and purity, but somehow he cannot speak to her.

A nightmare? Yes. But an epochal cinematic nightmare which is the creation of the New Wave's foremost maestro, Federico Fellini. The driver and the patient are both a director in Fellini's award-winning motion picture *8½*. (He has made eight and a half movies to date; the half being a segment in *Boccaccio 70*.) The film won an Oscar as the best foreign offering at this year's movie awards in Hollywood.

Art is a mirror to life, and that mirror, if effective, is often a self portrait. In *8½*, the director played by Marcello Mastroianni uses the name of Guido Anselmi. But Anselmi is the self portrait of Fellini, and the maestro is creating a cinematic work of art out of his own image.

He is weak, confused and vacillating. He finds himself unable to cope with reality and seeks a way out in his dreams. This is how Fellini describes

Award-winning Fellini, pictured above with the Oscar he received for the film *8½*, likes to relax with the harp (left). Below, he shows how he wants a scene played—or is he just kicking off at soccer, a game he enjoys?

the visual image of his self portrait. The resort spa depicted in the picture is not unlike Chianciano, where the director spent a two-week rest cure after completing *La Dolce Vita*.

With unprecedented daring, can a man, an artist, a director, succeed in symbolizing his own life in putting his likeness, dreams, objectives, frustrations, loves and emotions into black-and-white visual images on a two-dimensional screen?

It is beyond doubt, a work of art of the first magnitude, dealing with the raw material of experience and the

Continued on page 32

fellini:

way an artist adjusts to it" elated *Newsweek* "No film has ever soared higher"

Italian audiences apparently con cur $8\frac{1}{2}$ has outpaced the sensational *La Dolce Vita* there, and is expected to gross $3 000 000—which would make it one of Italy s all-time money-makers

After watching $8\frac{1}{2}$ one critic called Fellini "the Kierkegaard of the screen" Others have compared him with Joyce and Proust Some re viewers have compared $8\frac{1}{2}$ with *Last Year at Marienbad* directed by one of Fellini s contemporaries Michel angelo Antonioni.

"But I'm no philospher" Federico Fellini objects "I work by impulse I *feel* my films before I start working on them I have never read Joyce's *Ulysses* or Proust and I know Kierke gaard by name only"

Fellini declares he has not seen *Marienbad*, but from what he has heard he is inclined to regard it as "a purely intellectual abstraction.

"In this respect $8\frac{1}{2}$ is the exact opposite of *Marienbad* he continues "If a man is open in his attitude to ward life he remains open toward culture, too and can feel and com municate it as an important life force without necessarily being over whelmed by it"

But Fellini thinks there is an inher ent danger of audiences reading too much into $8\frac{1}{2}$ "Sit back and enjoy the film as an informal discourse be tween the spectator and the man who is confessing everything The movie is an intimate study of a man who could be Everyman when his heart and soul are opened up for the world to see"

Fellini s cinematic techniques are imaginative and boundless By relent less fast cutting of close details he will depict a violent mood Or he will inter change Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* with the lightness of Rossini to capti vate another mood, and to stretch and compress his audiences as if they were puppets attached to strings on his fingers

All the while the nightmare con tinues The haggard director wanders around the resort, pursued by pro ducers his wife mistress leading lady and haunted by the memories of his mother and a seaside prostitute with whom he had his first sexual experiences The contrast between good and evil purity and decadence is brilliantly accomplished through his camera by delicately weaving whites with blacks and vice versa.

La Saraghina the seaside whore was in Fellini's youth a monstrous slut who sold her capabilities to visiting fishermen for *saraghine*—sardines! For pennies she would raise her skirts for young boys, completely exposing herself

Federico recalls going to her shack with a group of boys and throwing stones at it until she came out curs ing us smoke pouring from inside her hut her eyes bigger than a lion's her hair like a raging Medea's against the sun"

It was from this early experience that Fellini became preoccupied with large-breasted heroines, who reached their epitome with the towering Anita Ekberg in *Boccaccio 70*

Thus $8\frac{1}{2}$ continues to be Fellini's masterful self portrait, reflecting his views of life "Woman is mother sis ter saint and virtue and the other side is whore vice corruption and sin" he philosophizes though the maestro claims to be neither a philos opher nor an intellectual "When we make too many problems we lose our selves In $8\frac{1}{2}$ it is only when Guido gives up his problem that he is saved"

Federico Fellini, 41 is dark tall, bushy haired stocky and impeccably dressed even when walking under considerable strain. He has been in volved with making motion pictures for eighteen years He comes from Romagna, a region on the upper Adri atic coast where ideas and words flow freely. A fellow *romagnolo* was Benito Mussolini

By the time Fellini reached draft age, Italy was losing the war and he managed to escape induction by pleading ill health He left home early to seek fame and fortune in Rome His first work came as a minor cartoonist on a humor magazine He briefly tried his luck at writing scenarios

After the Allied occupation in June, 1944 Fellini and several fellow car toonists started "Funny Face Shops" where they sold quick portraits to passing and comparatively well heeled G I 's.

Continued on page 78

This is the first of a series of visits by Esquire's *gastronomes to the off-beat eating houses of Europe's capitals. Where better to start than in London's famous Soho, the square mile of sin that attracts devotees from all over the world.*

DINING OUT WITH BACCHUS

The decor can be misleading. Elaborate murals depicting Bacchanalian orgies in modern setting might suggest to the newcomer that here one can live it up a little after the woe.

But it would never do to take any such thing for granted at Soho's latest Italian restaurant, the *Trattoria Del Buon Vicolore*. That is if you're the type who gets aggressive when you find the girls aren't laying it on the line.

In an alcoholic surge of over confidence you might run into one of the three proprietors—and it

But at the Trattoria, in Soho, there are three good reasons why you shouldn't let it go to your head . . .

would be like running into a brick wall if it happened to be Ray Hunter, former British heavyweight wrestling champion! Ray, 6'3" and 250 lbs of solid muscle, is a film stunt man who now wrestles only for a hobby. But he hasn't forgotten a thing.

You would be just a little less unfortunate if you happened to pick on another of the partners, Tony de Micheli. Tony also was a wrestler of distinction.

The third owner, Paul Lincoln, has forgotten more about wrestling than many a top grunt and groan expert. He controls 170 wrestlers, and promotes about 70 events a month all over Britain.

The *Trattoria*, as might be expected, is likely to have less trouble than some of the eateries in cosmopolitan Soho!

The front of the restaurant isn't imposing by com-

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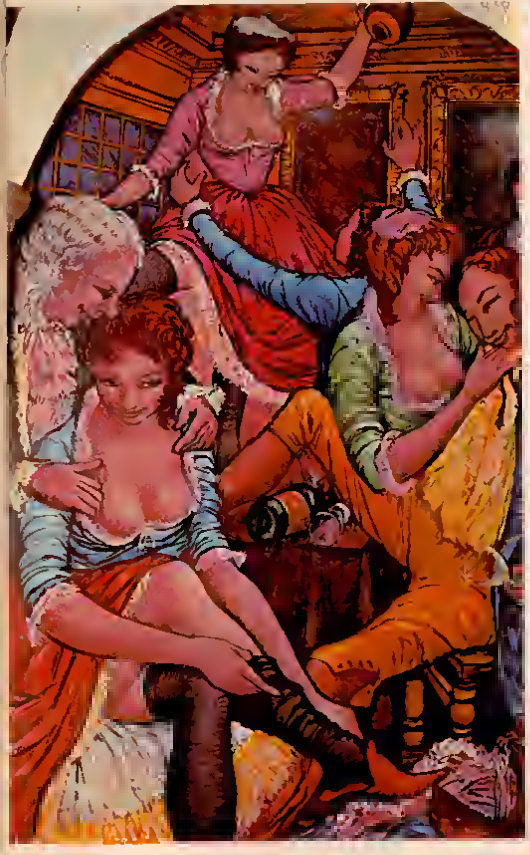
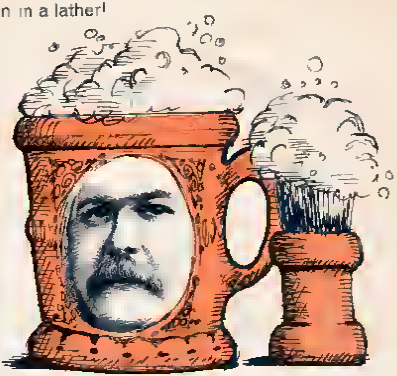


parison with some of London's more famous eating houses. But the *Trattoria* has more appeal than many—and the proprietors will obtain any dish ordered by a customer, even if it means flying it in from anywhere in the world!

All they ask is a little notice ...

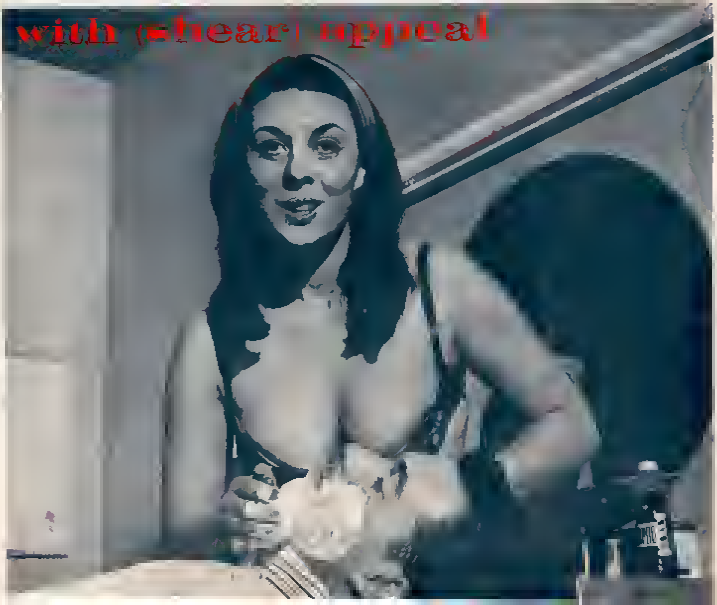
The club was originally an exotic strip club called The Geisha. It was redesigned and redecorated by Hong Kong born Chris Webb. His vivid murals satirize the works of the old masters—and the theme is what you want to make it: Rake's Progress, La Dolce Vita, or simply Breakfast with Bacchus!

This barber shop beauty has all the men in a lather!



a modern DELILAH

with (shear) appeal



The days of the barbershop quartets have gone and not without nostalgia. But perhaps the most up to date hair lifting salon in all the land couldn't care less. It has an attraction that would render any male quartet silent!

The modern Delilah in these pictures who for *shear* appeal takes preference over any musical foursome, however talented.

And when *she* lifts a razor, she has the man all steamed up even before she gives them a hot towel and puts them all in the lather that was never canned by Burma Shave!

The old Delilah herself a fast chick with the clippers as Samson found out was probably responsible for a lot of the reservations that men have acquired over the centuries about letting women get in their hair (or rather at it).

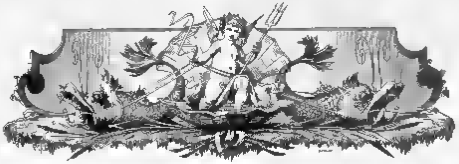
But one look at TOPPER's Linda attired in a way that leaves her maximum freedom for tonsorial titillation dispels the inhibitions!

As one delighted customer fingering a bristly chin with something less than apprehension put it: Linda can scrape up an acquaintance with me anytime.

He doesn't know it yet but this guy is in for a crew cut

This is much easier how about a Mohican cut?

You're next sir if you can tear yourself away from your paper...



WATER NYMPH

WHO CAN'T SWIM

NANCY'S A WHIZ ON SKIS; *To see lovely Nancy Andrews perform difficult acrobatic feats on water skis, you would think that she had been born in the sea. But Nancy can barely swim! She cannot keep afloat for long without her skis. ☐ Yet Nancy has become a champion! She has won the highly competitive Water Sport Championship of Hawaii. ☐ "Water skiing takes hold of you like a drug when you first get the hang of it," she said. "Though I admit there were some terrifying moments when I was learning, not being able to swim much!" ☐ Nancy, 25, lives in Eagle Rock, California, when she isn't winning trophies in Honolulu where she lives on a boat docked at Waikiki Beach. ☐ Water skiing hasn't always been a passion of hers. But sports and outdoor activities generally have always had a special place in her life. ☐ Even when she was working in mainland offices, after hours found Nancy skiing on snow slopes or swinging on the*

SHE HAS TO BE—SHE'D BE SUNK WITHOUT 'EM

Story and photos by Max B. Miller

golf course. She even entered an 18 hour roller skating marathon contest.

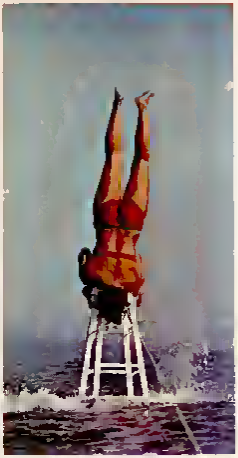
Nancy first went to Hawaii in August of 1961 with her sister and a friend. By chance she met Archie McPherson, a Hawaiian who teaches water skiing to friends as a hobby.

Before she could say "I can't swim," Nancy and water skiing were a team.

"Archie had a hell of a time teaching me how to ski," Nancy recalls. "But it was kind of a challenge to try to outdo my roommate who was taking lessons also. And I did outdo her—in about a week! In two months I learned a whole routine with a stool and a saucer."

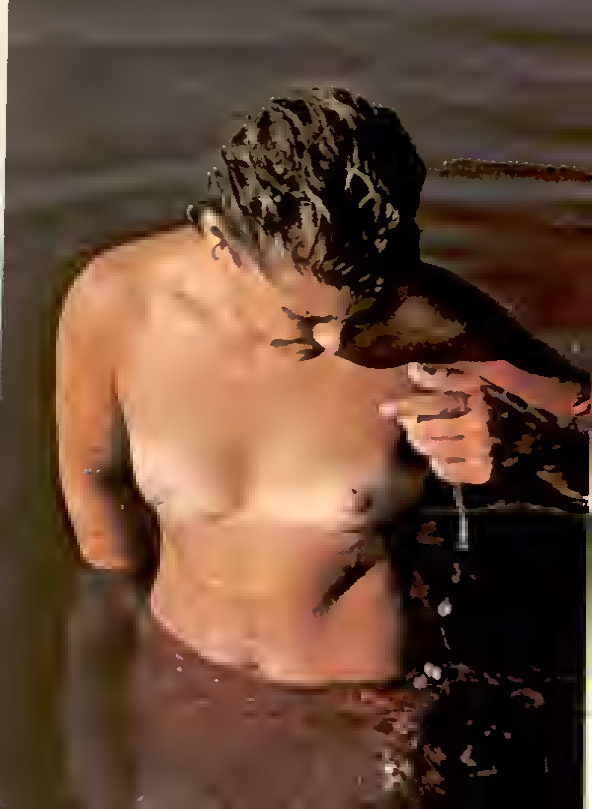
Because she can barely swim she has had several close calls. Nancy and Archie used to meet the luxury liners on arrival in Honolulu and perform water skiing stunts for the enthralled passengers. One day she fell in front of a huge liner, and if

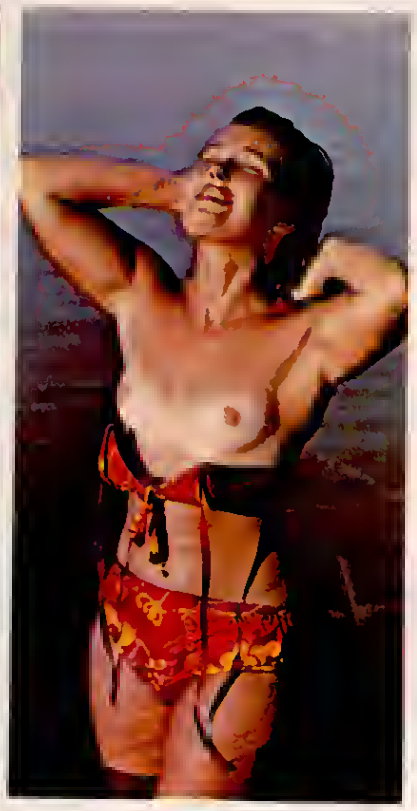
Have you seen this one...



Whoops —over we go—

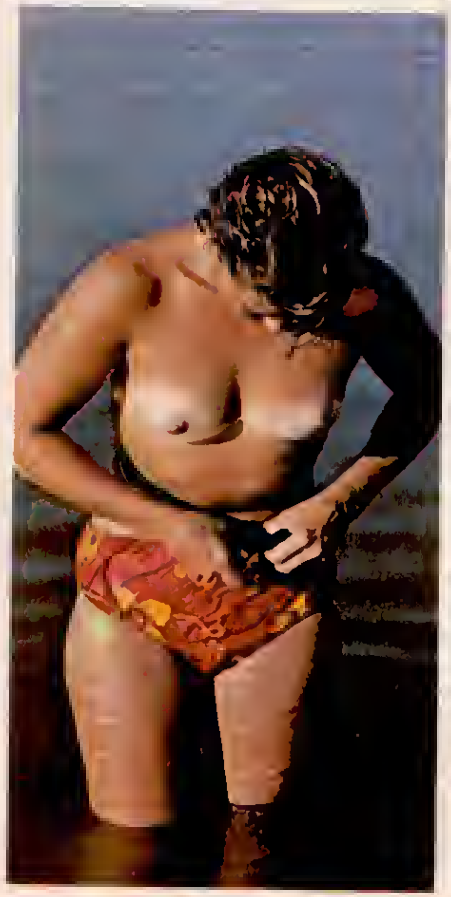
Hey, I've lost something...





Ah, got it!

A girl can feel so much more *free* without a bra...and out here at sea who's going to look?



Archie had not been there to rescue her, it might have been the end of a brief career. And then history repeated itself two more times, and Nancy gave up tempting fate in this way.

There have been other mishaps. Once, while skimming across the water after a night of little sleep, Nancy fainted. Archie, who had been towing her, didn't realize she had fallen until he happened to glance backward several seconds later. He saved her again—but it took four days in the hospital before Nancy could return home.

For Nancy, the future centers on water skiing. She'd like to plunge wholeheartedly into competion and start a school for prospective water skiiers in Honolulu.

"Water skiing is the only sport I'm interested in now," she says. "I'm going to stick with it. It's the only thing I really care about." But she agrees that maybe she ought to take up swimming one of these days.

Columbus discovered the clitoris in 1593. Doctor Realdus Columbus, that is, the first modern European to publicly emphasize that little gadget's importance. So says Havelock Ellis in his monumental two volume work, "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," published some three hundred years later. ♀ Typically, Ellis comments on the above piece of information: "The nervous supply of this little organ is very large, and the dorsal nerve of the clitoris is relatively three or four times larger than that of the penis." This kind of instruction, the reader may well assert, belongs to the world. ♀ Yet when Ellis first attempted to publish his massive compendium of every possible item of natural and unnatural sexual interest that he had accumulated during a lifetime of research, he was hauled into a London court on charges that make the present day purveyors of erotica appear Sunday schoolish by comparison. ♀ Ellis was accused of "Having unlawfully and wickedly published and sold, and caused to be procured and sold, a wicked, bawdy and scandalous, and obscene book called "Studies in the Psychology of Sex", in order to vitiate and corrupt morals, to debauch and poison the minds, to raise and create lustful desires, and to bring people into a state of wickedness, lewdness and debauchery." In the same way that every modern author owes an often unacknowledged debt to William Shakespeare, so every writer of erotica, from Frank Harris to Henry Miller, owes a similar debt of gratitude

Continued on page 51

Seventy years ago, Havelock Ellis discovered sex, Even today his "case histories" would make any self respecting censor blush!

Article / Georgs Bishop

PIONEER O

F EROTICA

TOPPER 4b

ET TU, BRUTÉ ?

HAVELOCK ELLIS

(continued from previous page)

to havelock Ellis. This scholarly paus taking pioneer wrote what might well be termed the pornographic bible with out actually intending that it be regarded as such When he was brought to trial in 1899 no less a distinguished literary figure than Bernard Shaw formed a committee to defend him one of the committee's most ardent members was Frank Harris. whose "Lives and Loves — a supposed record of his amorous dalliances — read suspiciously like a number of Ellis actual case histories

It is in his stress on the real as opposed to the fictional that Ellis ont strips his followers and imitators When in a chapter discussing unusual erotic stimulation he reports the case study of a European lady who derived quite as much indeed more pleasure from digitally titillating her rectum as from vulvo vaginal titillation " he didn't feel that he was urging countless young ladies to experiment with a digital daisy chain however the courts felt otherwise and forced him to go to France and Germany for the publication of his works

Havelock Ellis has said just about all there is to say about sex and sexual aberration While acknowledging a debt to Sigmund Freud Ellis holds no other sexual scholar to be his equal His "Studies" begin where such classics as Krafft Ebings' Psychopathia Sexualis" leave off

He has something to say about anything remotely connected with sex for example he has a rather unique theory about modesty in women "Among English girls" he writes. "I have noticed that the dislike and shame of allowing a man to have sexual intercourse with them when newly married is simply due to the fact that the sexual aperture is so closely apposed to the anus and the bladder. If the vulva and vagina were situated between a woman's shoulder blades I do not think they would feel about intercourse as they sometimes do."

Ellis' basic research and his uninhibited interpretation of countless case histories have educated and entertained serious students of sex lore since the turn of the century. He devotes considerable space to a detailed study of Undinism, a word he coined as a derivative of Undine, a sixteenth century water nymph. "The bladder," he reports summarily "is the mirror of the soul The remote ancestors of man," he continues "we cannot doubt were salt water animals." He goes on to describe, in unpalatable detail, the love play of both male and female Undinists with the orgasm being achieved in what might be termed a flood of mutual affection Ellis finds water symbolism an integral part of our modern existence

The first great chronicler of sex habits has little patience with sexual abstinence Quoting from the famous Hippocratic treatise, "On The Joints" he writes: "All parts of the body which are developed for a definite use are kept in health by the fulfillment of that use and by their appropriate exercise in the employment to which they are accustomed." According to his research women bear sexual abstinence less stoically than do men and "either masturbate when sexual intercourse is impossible or fall into hystero-neurasthenic states A great many women" Ellis continues, "who are healthy chaste and modest feel at times such powerful sexual desire that they can scarcely resist the temptation to go into the street and solicit the first man they meet The garments and posture of the body," he goes on to say "are not without influence in exciting to sexual system Sleeping on the back which congests the spinal centres also acts in the same way thus it is stated that in the Franciscan order it is prohibited to lie on the back

The orgy without which few modern writers of eroticism could exist in print receives a typically thorough Havelock Ellis treatment The early Christians he informs us, taking their cue from the Greeks and Romans, "recognized the need for an occasional orgy The celebration of Shrove Tuesday constituted a Christian Baccanalian festival in which all classes joined The greatest freedom and activity of sexual movement was encouraged some went about naked without shame some crawled on all fours some on stilts some imitated animals."

"All great and vigorous peoples" Ellis writes in summation "of the East and West have found it necessary to play with their sacred things"

In Ellisian fashion, he propounds the theory that the gradual taming of orgiastic behavior was responsible for the introduction of large scale professional prostitution "The orgy in its primitive forms, forbidden to show itself openly and reputably, seeks the darkness and firmly entrenches itself in the very centre of civilized life," he writes. Or, to translate his theory into a more contemporary locale. Christine Keeler would be selling buttons in Piccadilly if John Profumo had been allowed to run around in public with his pants off on Shrove Tuesday

The fact that Havelock Ellis was a medical doctor in addition to being a sex oriented psychologist lends weight to even his more controversial theories "Kissing" he writes "is an extremely common source of syphilitic infection In some cases it is true this is the result of abnormal sexual contacts But in the majority of cases it is the result of ordinary and slight kisses as between young children, between parents and children between lovers and acquaintances It remains true that people who are not intimate enough to know the state of each other's health are not intimate enough to kiss each other"

If this line of reasoning could be projected into modern advertising slogans such as "Does She or doesn't she?" would take on an entirely new connotation

Among professional psychologists who subscribe to the Freud-Ellis theme of sexual predominance Havelock Ellis case history of Florrie is considered to be an established classic Much as contemporary theologians cite the exemplary life of Mother Cabrini so latter day clinical psychologists refer admiringly to Ellis' record of Florrie as the primary source of all subsequent studies of the more bizarre forms of sexual deviation In a chapter titled "The History of Florrie and The Mechanism of Sexual Deviation" Havelock Ellis takes us into the most intimate recesses of his volunteer correspondent's mind and body Much of the history cannot be reproduced in public print however the high spots of Florrie's progress from age six to her early fifties are recordable

Even if judged by today's highly elastic emotional standards Florrie emerges as a crazy mixed up kid When she was barely six a lad of sixteen stuck his hand up her petticoats she screamed and her father mistaking the situation punished her for screaming by whipping her until the blood came She found that she liked being beaten and screamed some more Then she discovered that her nurse got angry and spanked her if she didn't go wee wee on command The spanking always made her go but the sensation surpassed mere physical relief so she took to holding back so that she would be spanked be forced to come across and get a third charge on top of the first

Continued on Page 90

The Galactic Decameron

From out of the stars, a futuristic Boccaccio reveals that the game of love is the same as love!

This is a partial translation of that famous archeological discovery, The Omsha Cavern Tapes. Recorded some three and a half earth centuries ago the narrator of these tales is not known but is thought to have been a servant or innkeeper of the hostelry where they were told. If any conclusion can be drawn from their content it should be that even then a mere 40 earth-years after the close of that most disheartening misery of human history the Second Dark Age mankind still maintained its two basics for survival a sense of humor and locomotion. Homo sapiens. Or as the eminent social egist Melumba put it "Man plunges his ship of fate through the uncharted ages with his eyes closed, a laugh on his lips and his sex drive at full throttle."

To insure integrity of meaning, a literal translation has been made and footnotes are used only where necessary for continuity.

30 February 3009 — *Cordann Li Wu, LHH*

Gathered about the great log fire of the Calisto Inn[1] that dark and frozen night were three brave gallants and two fine ladies whose names I shall not tell for you would surely recognize them and that would be an embarrassment. They were a merry band that pleasured in each other's company savouring the droll conversation fine wine and other pleasures far into the night.

All being widely travelled and highly educated, they spoke of many wondrous and amusing things some of which I shall herein relate.

One of the great sirs, merry of eye with beard and mustache of fire, rose, being a man of eight feet or more, and gathered his robes of station about him — for he was truly a lord of many systems — and, in a voice of thunder of a Jovian hurricane did tell:

To a system in this galaxy near the cluster known as Soirna's Beast, there formerly lived a merchant who, to his misfortune, had a very pretty young wife. He travelled much to buy and sell his merchandise, and while he was gone this considerate lady loaned out his private game preserves, giving license to whomever she could find with weapons enough to merit the hunt.

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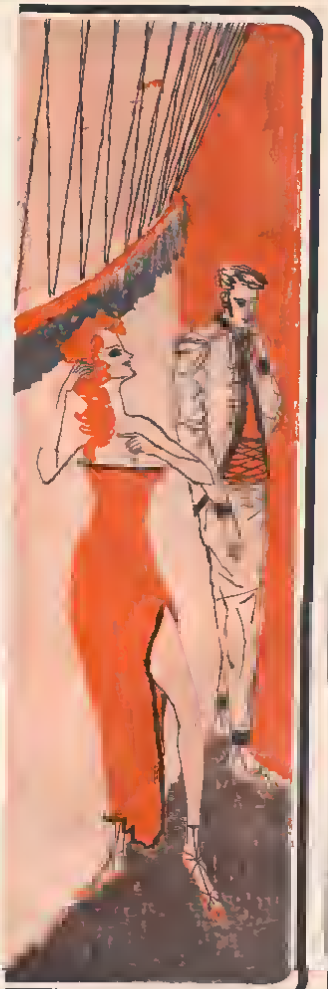
[1] The exact location of this place is not definitely known, but it is thought to have been on Callisto, fifth moon of Jupiter in the Earth system.



Now the merchant being a vain and foolish man was not aware of this sharing of his property and the poaching continued for several earthyears getting worse with time — so hot burned the flame in his good wife's belly. But finally it came to pass that friends of the wealthy man sent — what he could not see, his eyes being swathed by ego and pride told him that he had better look to his own chattels, for surely his goods were being misused.

The merchant was greatly angered at this news and refused to believe it and so, determined to prove his friends wrong, caused a *viewcorder* to be hidden in the wall of his wife's bedchamber.

He was no sooner gone upon his next voyage which was some earthdays later that this fine and virtous lady, feeling in the need of a joust summoned to her the house servant who of recent months had begun to look upon his master's journeys with regret. The good fellow was fast becoming sickly and could no longer properly perform his duties during the merchant's presence, so strenuous were his duties during the merchant's absence. But in spite of his infirmity the loyal servant anticipated the jousting horn and had laid by a goodly measure of a certain potion which is unlawful to possess but readily available on the pleasure planet, Sensuous. The brave man mounted to do battle 17 times and afterward dragged himself back to his quarters where he had to summon a physician for a medicant to enable him to rise from his pallet within three earthdays.

But even after the servant retired, the good wife's hunger was not satisfied. It had become more ravenous and without so much as a Petelgeuse Bath[1] she moved from hors d'oeuvres to aperitif by summoning a certain sculptor whose herculean physique and marathon reputation girdled the entire planet.

Leaving the visaphone dark she said "Good artisan, would you accept a commission to raise a statue in my garden?" which was a prearranged signal between them that had been used many times before as you can easily imagine.

Well the sculptor accepted with much pleasure for there were few who appreciated his art as much as this fair lady and soon had his coptor parked in the merchant's private port. But to describe what further ensued would be repetitious and is the kind of activity that is better imagined anyway.

When he merchant returned from his journey and played the viewtape and saw his faithful wife saluting her chastity with her feet in the air his wrath was a nova. But he did not show it and instead went to a nearby city returning some earthdays later with a new servant to replace the one whom he immediately saw fit to discharge for lack of performance. His wife was not a little sad to see the stout fellow go as you might imagine but could really say little against it other than she thought his performance had been satisfactory.

However the new servant was handsome and well mannered and the good mistress soon became restless to see her husband away upon another voyage. And so one fine morning seeing his wife's little love tricks and covetous glances toward the servant the merchant announced that he must be away on his next journey.

Before her husband's coptor was out of sight the gluttonous woman had summoned the new servant to her bedchamber where she invited him to harvest her fields. This the servant was quite happy to do and laid on his work with a plow the like of which the lady despite her experience in such agrarian pastimes had never seen.

After four earth hours had passed and the servant had not yet been unhorsed for the first time the lady began to feel discomfitted and complained that it felt as if his magnificent blade had become even more magnificent and was now making the furrows of her field too wide and too deep. To this the servant laughed and continued his tilling at an even faster pace.

Soon the woman was screaming so great was her pain but it had no effect on the servant for he continued his work throughout the whole of that day the total time being equivalent to two and and a half earthdays before the woman died.

When the merchant returned from his journey he found the two still locked upon their battleground and was much vexed to see that part of the servant's

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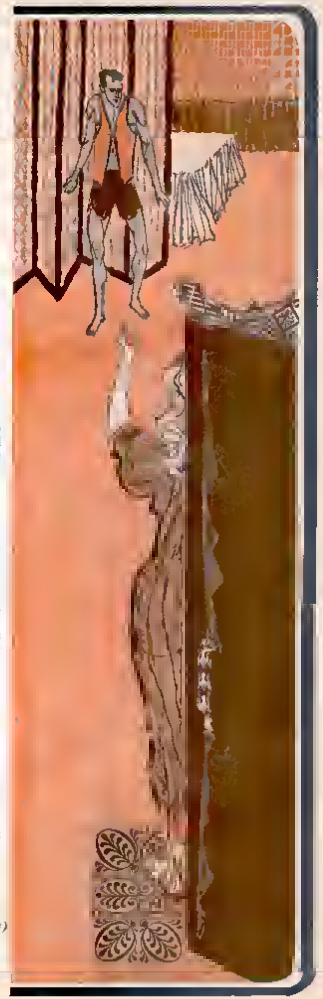

[1] *An ancient marriage custom of the Betelgeuse System that disappeared soon after* [illegible] *number of men as to make the practice of polyandry no longer practical.*

free had been clawed away and that the interior circuitry was damaged For this later caused his rental charge to be increased by a sizeable sum when he returned the robot to the shopkeeper in the city However being an astute businessman, he was able to sell the viewtape to a sensuvision network for almost as much as he had paid for renting the robot, and that did not even count residuals

A Design Of Love

Next one of the ladies said You have told a good and amusing tale I and I but it is time for one of us women to take her turn Thereupon she did relate

In a system toward the center of this galaxy there lived a handsome strapping fellow who was so smitten with a certain lady that he was constantly miserable He had been making great progress in winning her favors until she discovered what a low trick nature had played upon him And being a sensible woman she realized that there were many more men in the galaxy with whom she could spend her time who were better furnished than this poor unarmed buffoon

But the good lady liking the fellow and not wanting to hurt his feelings allowed him to continue to pursue the mongoose with the garter snake until she could stand it no longer and had to refuse him her presence henceforward

Thus greatly saddened the young man and in his misery he went to an old engineer who enjoyed a certain reputation in treating matters of the heart and other things The engineer said I cannot help you where Fate has been miserly but I can work a science whereby your lady will fall so deeply and passionately in love with you that she will not care how poorly you are equipped But it is expensive "

Please tell me!" the young man begged, "and I will pay anything '

"It will cost and the engineer named a sum that would require the fellow literally to sell his birthright in order to pay it was so great

But the young man agreed and the engineer gave him these instructions "Go to your house and take this carnallite thorn and draw on the floor near the door a certain design Then summon the lady of your affections and when she steps into the lovegram she will be yours forever " He tugged his beard which was straggly and filled with cockleburrs "But take care! Be sure you really want this woman, for my science works but once and will prevent any other woman from ever loving you he warned in a eunuch's cackle.

"Oh she is the one I want!" cried the young man Show me the design!"

Ah the contract first " the engineer said.

The foolish fellow signed the contract, received the design, and went directly to the nearest spaceport in his custom coptor — which was given to him on his twenty first birthday by his wealthy father and would soon belong to the engineer if the science did as was claimed — and from there he proceeded to his home on a nearby planet

Immediately upon arriving at his house he drew the design on the floor and summoned his ladylove to the visaphone where he so convinced her of the urgency of his message that she finally consented to come and see him, upon the condition however that he not try to press his suit with her To this he readily agreed chuckling to himself at his shrewdness

Some time later the fellow having bathed and scented himself, there came a knock at his door to which he said "Who is there?"

"It is came the muffled answer naming the love of his life. However it was not said lady but her house servant whom she had sent in her stead, having had a change of mind since talking to the young man on the visaphone earlier But the servant had been instructed to answer in her mistress name to avoid any confusion on the part of the young man who did not know the servant said might delay in admitting and telling her that for which her mistress had been summoned.

"Come in" the fellow said happily trying to conceal his excitement But as the door opened and he saw that it was not the love of his life, he cried

"Wait! Do not step ... !"

And had the doorway been but a finger's breadth narrower this tale would not merit telling, so great around the middle was she. But such was not the case and, as her ponderous feet stepped into the lovegram, a peculiar fire kindled behind her sow's eyes and she squealed and waddled toward him removing her mansuit of a bodice.

Realizing what horrible thing had happened, the poor fellow fell into a deep swoon, which was quite merciful, for what followed would certainly have deranged his mind.

He revived some earth hours later with a great heaviness upon his heart, which he found to be one of the woman's huge breasts lying across his chest as she snored loudly in the bed beside him. With great terror he slid from under the burden and, thankful of his bruised and aching body, gathered up his tattered clothes and fled from the house planet, and system never to return again. Thus was the foolish fellow rewarded for trying to play such a foul trick on a good woman.

It is said that the engineer's suit for payment is still in the courts to this day – he still being alive through his own science. But the various heirs of the foolish fellow's relatives – their being no direct descendants – have been able to prolong the litigation for over an earth century. And, as we all know, the strongest science in existence cannot untangle the workings of the law.

Finished Off In Mid-Air

Next, another of the fine gallants who had laughed heartily at the first two tales, rose and in a timber that invited feminine resonance, did relate:

In an orbit that circles Saturn in the Earth system is the empty hulk of a pleasure yacht of the last century. And floating in the main cabin of that ship are two pressure suits which are connected together in a most peculiar manner. But that is the substance of my tale.

This ship, which was considered of most modern design and magnificent fitting in those days, belonged to a very rich and handsome prince whose courage and sharp wits had gained for him a vast empire of systems and worlds. But this man, as is often the story with great men, had an Achilles heel. The sight of a smooth thigh or firm breast would drive his famous wits between his legs where he was played the fool by more than one woman across the galaxy.

On this voyage he had with him a very buxom and beautiful lady in quest of whose favours he had spend a sizeable fortune and had thus far received nothing in return but a bad case of donwan's limp. He had pleaded his suit in every conceivable manner, showering her with expensive gifts and sumptuous living. They travelled in the Sine 4000 as a matter of truth. They even attended six royal coronations in the span of a fortnight, a record that to my knowledge had never been equalled to this day. This lady, who was known to take love wherever she found it, giving as good as she got, took great pleasure in teasing this poor fellow. And though it was considered of the greatest honor to be favored by this rich and famous gallant, for he was strong and healthy and not unfair to give upon this good lady could not help herself, so great was her pleasure at parrying his amorous charges.

Finally the contest becoming a matter of prestige and he yet determined not to take the castle by force, the unhappy lord lured the lady onto his private yacht under the pretense of visiting the Galactic Fair at Sorbese. But instead he put the ship into a counter orbit around Saturn in order to expose the good woman's resistance to the mysteriously romantic powers of the negligible[1].

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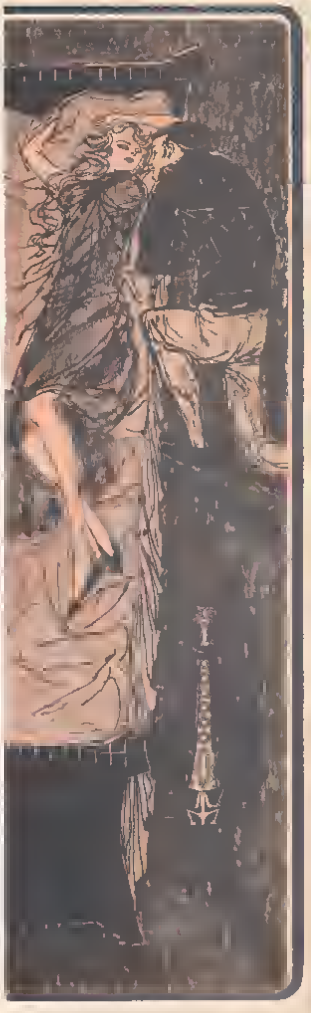
[1] *In 2436 Kosgovitch proved these mysterious powers merely a form of hypnosis that peculiarly entranced women into a state where they could think of nothing but doing you know what.*



BECK'S BEER
BECK'S BEER
PALE ALE

IMPORTED BEERS / COURTESY OF MAC'S FINE SPIRITS / BEVERLY HILLS CALIF

SOME DIVINER DRINK

Article/By Mack Reynolds

IT MAY BE ONLY A BUCKET O' SUDS TO MANY, BUT TO THE COGNOSCENTI, BEER IS THE KING!

I don't want to seem an alarmist, gentlemen however if this current trend is allowed to develop it will probably eventuate in the extinction of beer drinkers Live and let live, that's what I say, but if the propaganda the vintners and their lackeys are spreading continues each of us will windup sprawled in some alley off skid row nursing a gallon of muscatel

The lines of attack are insidious and usually aimed at civilization's weakest link, female **homo sapiens,** but what worries me are the signs of cracks in our own firm lines A counteroffensive is in order

You get a picture of a couple of men of distinction sitting around sipping a **Nuiets St. George '47.** One murmurs to the other, commenting on this swill which has set him back five bucks a bottle, "A small wine really, though with overtones of grandeur How sad it didn't come from noble soil It might have taken on prestige "

And the other comes back with, "How true Note the undistinguished bouquet

What all this gobbledygook adds up to is that wine drinkers are sophisticated tanciers of the better things and beer bibbers are poor slobs—patches on their britches and spittoons ready at their feet—who just don't know any better.

So you want to wear your clothes like Baron Wrangle (with or without eye patch), have the suave qualities of Noel Coward, and the looks of Gregory Peck? So in the future reach for a glass of the grape instead of a schooner of the foamy beverage you love

Or, we have this new offensive Half a dozen kitchen mechanics, refugees from their housework, are sitting around a bridge table sipping a glass of what I assume is dago red One says,"I know nothing about vintages, or what wine goes with what food, I just drink what I like'

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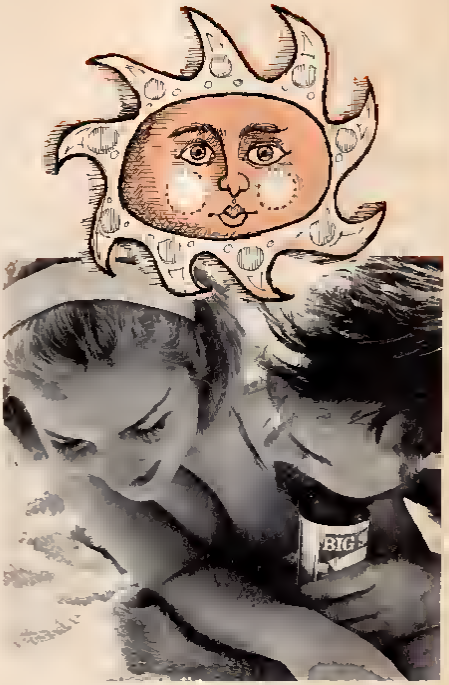
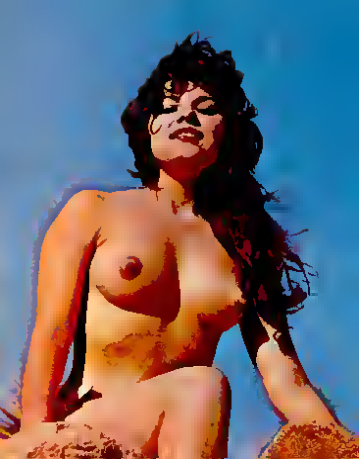
THE TOPPER GANG HAS A DESERT SUN BLOW-OUT BEFORE THE FALL SEMESTER

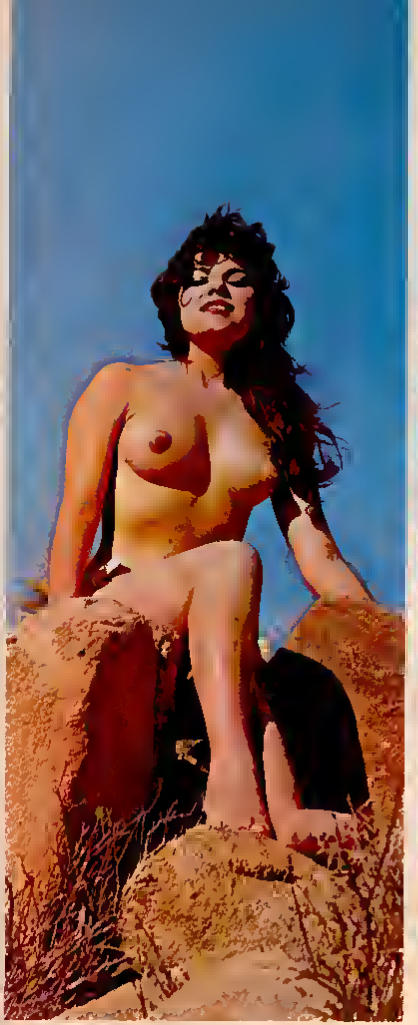
LAST FLING OF SUMMER



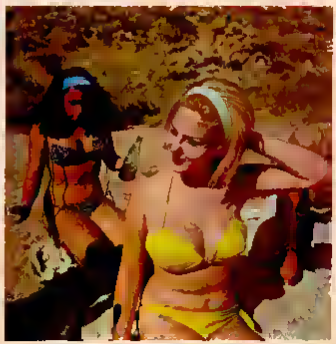
A couple of thousand years ago, back in the 1920's, a kid who made that greasy stuff famous rode across the silver screen dressed in what looked like a pajama outfit for Arctic nights. He went on riding right into the hearts of millions of women, who made believe that they were the outraged, but more than willing, victims of the Sheik's little old kidnap plot. Valentino of course has long since passed on to that paradise

PICTURES BY MAX B. MILLER





Sun worshipping demands the full sacrifice ... with maximum exposure to the caressing rays ... and maybe a dance ritual to the strum of a guitar and the beat of the tom-toms



where all movie stars go and the swooning women of the era are already grandmothers

But that doesn't make the attraction of sun and sex any the less appealing right here and now Like they go together man

And just to prove the point TOPPER's omniscient camera decided to invade one of those desert dallying dates The time like a few weeks before it's back to booksville The place a duney delight somewhere in the wilds of Death Valley The dramatis personae Three bare bosomed babes from the campus of a very sedate but unnamed university in Los Angeles and oh yeah! a couple of guys!

Packed into a station wagon the trio of couples barreled out of the smog one dawn and headed for the desert We say packed in this instance because of the goodies they brought along Not as you expect because it's crowded with six

people—the girls rode on masculine laps! But all that beer had to be put somewhere, didn't it?

A few hours of Freewaying it, our now nicely warmed up co-eds and guys pulled off the main road and headed smack into buzzard territory. But except for the driver, the girls had eyes only for the guys, and the buzzards and other desert fauna be damned. To which we might say that they just possibly missed a few early morning blooming cacti flowers. But then that's about as good a thing to miss when a chick is on your lap as any!

Being normal college types all six, they unloaded the station wagon, making sure that the first package that came out was the cold beer! A point we mention simply to underline the high degree of intelligence displayed. When the beer case was taken out, it was promptly opened, thus providing ready refreshment for the onerous task of unloading the rest of the stuff: food, blankets, bongos, booze, more beer, and the ever important sun tan lotion. That last incidentally was provided for the obviously delightful task of putting the goop on the girls! By the time the party was planned, all the girls had long since become much too imune to the sunlight to really and desperately require the soothing unction of sun oil! And they knew it, but what the hell?

It took almost a half a case of beer to get the wagon unloaded, but it was worth it. By this time the sun was well up, and its beneficial rays pretty well baked out the possible heady effects of the brew!

Beauty in the brush. Time for solace, for a little private communication with the desert deities.

Act Two arrived just before lunchtime when the girls decided that there is no privacy like the desert in which to really get a sun bath—and all over too! The boys meanwhile hanled out the drums and began a little session while the girls hiding discreetly (they thought!) behind a dune sunbathed

Act Three's curtain rose when the bras fell! Hell with sunbathing, said the brunette! Let's give the boys something to remember this day with—for the rest of their lives

Act Three continued for the rest of the afternoon while the girls danced swayed and generally played hell with the boys emotions but it was all in good fun—and how! The only intermissions to this dry drollery were for brew breaks and..oh yes for a little horsing with the guns

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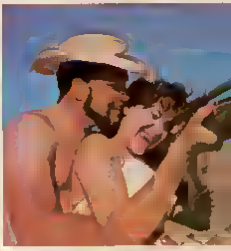
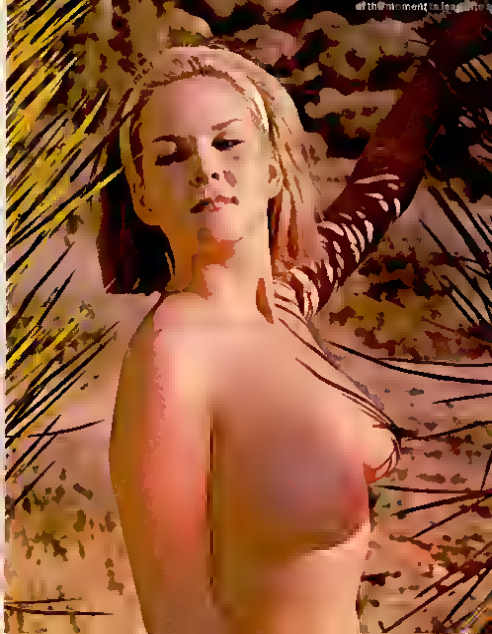
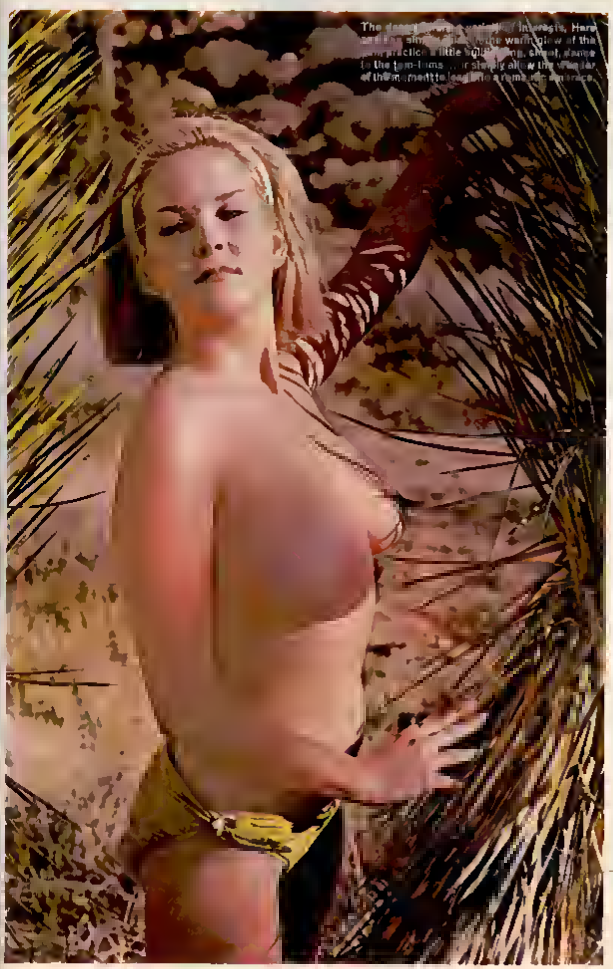
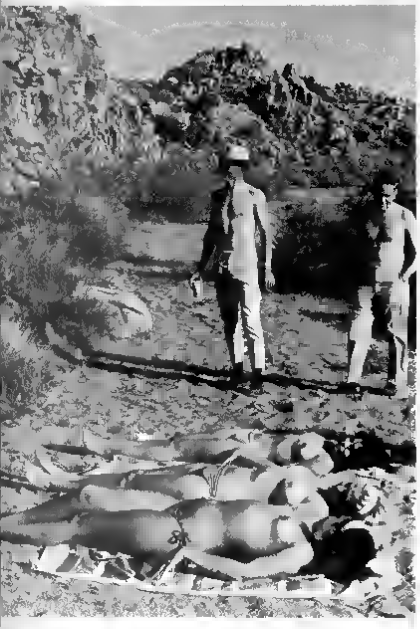


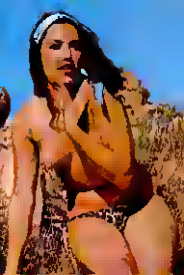


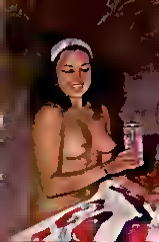


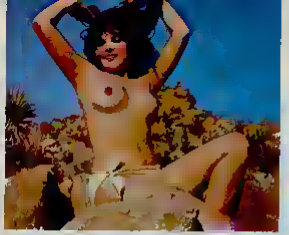


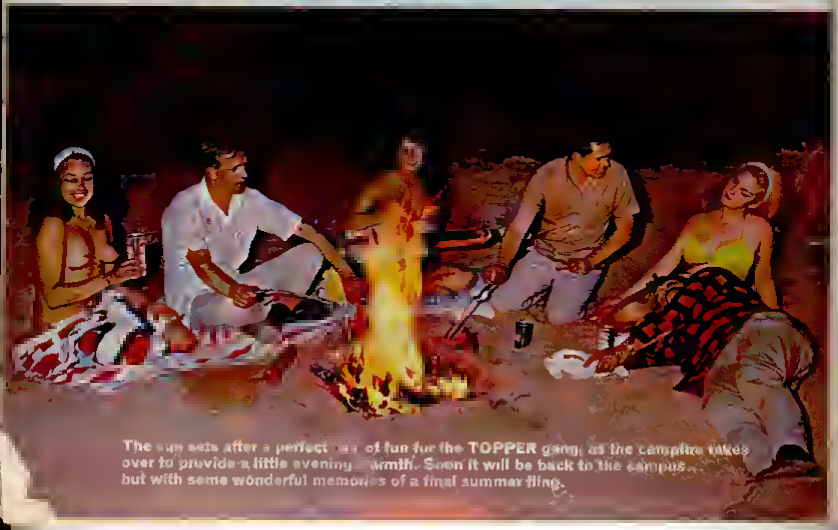
Somebody even suggested a mock shotgun wedding for one couple who had been eyeing each a little more than slightly amorously. The idea was nixed in favor of a camp fire by the time the sun began to settle over the mountains. Besides, it was getting a little cool for braless boistering!

Then . . . But who would dare be so crude as to ponder the delights of singing around the bright fire with the desert darkness all around and such lovely company. Company? Hey, where did everybody go?









The sun sets after a perfect day of fun for the TOPPER gang, as the campfire takes over to provide a little evening warmth. Soon it will be back to the campus... but with some wonderful memories of a final summer fling.

help but aid a person in making a sounder judgment regarding his motives for asking a girl to marry.

SANDY

The thing that's been bothering me is that sex on the campus is supposed to be part of the student's college education. Sex is something students should know about before they get to the campus. I think that's where the whole trouble lies. Once the student gets to college it's too late to expect him to deal maturely with sex because he's never been prepared to either understand or deal with it.

MODERATOR

Are you saying that students in high school should have sexual experiences before they get to college?

SANDY

What I'm saying is that, by the time he gets to college, he should be at least ready to have one whether he ever had one or not. As the situation exists on campus today, most students aren't ready for sex. They haven't got the knowledge, training or experience—which they should have gotten before they hit the campus scene. I don't think it's the teachers' duty to teach students sex. He should have had that instruction and experience out of the environment from which he came.

DR. TAYLOR

You take something that is as obviously a natural biological function as sex, a function that has been used and enjoyed for millions of years, and yet our society tries to departmentalize it into different areas of knowledge. This is the key to our kind of anti-human society. We take something that has been operating successfully for millions of years, and we try to bottle it up into an academic course, or something that's okay only if exercised under the irrational conditions that society insists upon. The thing to never be lost sight of is that sex is obviously a maturation process, and that if this, as with any other maturational process, is interfered with—the individual's maturity potential is greatly endangered.

DR. RDSE

We have an aphroism in psychoanalysis that Theodore Reik coined which I think is very appropos here. "If you have to go to a book to learn how to make love, you'll never know how to make love." Sexual love is something that should flow aesthetically, artistically, but the intellect has to be out. Let me paraphrase a fairly well known joke. The French say that the ideal woman is an economist in the kitchen, a lady in the drawing room and a prostitute in the bedroom. But unfortunately what you get is an economist in the bedroom, a lady in the kitchen and a prostitute in the drawing room.

MDDERATOR

Does anything more serious than flirting between a faculty member and a student occur very often?

DR. TAYLOR

Oh, all the time.

DR ROSE

Oftener than you might imagine, Norm.

BILL

You bet your life.

CLAUDIA

I knew a girl in college who claimed a teacher made her pregnant. Whether it was true or not I never found out, but she certainly was pregnant.

MDDERATOR

All factors considered, what are the chances a boy or girl graduating college a virgin?

LOU

Are there any virgins left, in or out of college?

SANDY

I think it depends on the area of the country that the college is located in, Norm. Also the kind of bringing up the students were exposed at home. I've been to three colleges across the country myself, and at each university the attitude towards sex was markedly different.

DR. TAYLOR

I believe most people would be surprised to discover how many virgins, male and female, did graduate from college.

DR. ROSE

And my psychoanalytic experience bears that statement out, Dr. Taylor.

MODERATOR

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for participating in TOPPER's special panel on SEX ON CAMPUS. If I may, I'll try to make something like a summation of all that's been said here. It would seem to me, at least, that sex on campus is like sex everywhere else, pretty mixed up and desperately in need of illumination at all levels of our society. Perhaps it wouldn't be out of place to close the panel with a quote from another pioneer in the psychology of sex and understanding human nature, Dr. Carl J. Jung: "No noble, well grown tree has ever disowned its dark roots, for it grows not only upward but downward as well."

BEER IS THE KING!

Continued from page 57

Another obvious attempt to wean us away from our historic and traditional beverage and foist upon us this johnny come lately among tipples wine

Do I hear a scream here from the ranks of the winos?

The fact of the matter is that the oldest as well as the most varied alcoholic beverage is nothing other than beer When Bacchus was still a runny-nose brat playing around on the slopes of Mt Olympus the Sumerians Egyptians and Babylonians were having the time of their lives wassailing away on fermented malter barley – beer to you Wine came later I wouldn't want to give an impression of overstrong partisanship but why anybody bothered with a superlative beverage already in existence

Nor does a charge that beer lacks variety hold water True enough wine runs from Chianti to Champagne and back again by the way of Filipino palm wine and resin impregnated Greek Retsina But beer takes no back seat Under that all embracing name are listed lagers and ales porters and stouts, pilsners and bocks each of which have their endless varieties

If you like your drinkables well aged you might try Belgian *Lambic* which is matured for at least two years and which is sold in champagne type bottles with wired corks Or there is England's *Russian Imperial Stout* which comes with a vintage label

Cooper's Ale from Adelaide is so heavy and strong that even two fisted drinkers of the Australian variety put it away usually as an after dinner digestive This brew is addedly unique in that you can fill a glass half full of water the remaining half with beer and still get a head that will foam over the glass rim

But if its strength you like you'd better try *Bush Beer* of Louvain Belgium It hits the same alcoholic content as table wine Or you might give what the British call barley wine a go On the sweetish side it runs up above 10 percent in power *Chancellor Ale*, a barley wine produced by Queen's College at Oxford boasts 11 percent alcohol

If you demand experience on the part of your brewers you might try a bottle of *Weihenstephan* This brewery in Freising has been running continuously for over seven hundred years The yeast in your beer first saw light of day in the thirteenth century What vineyard can make a similar claim?

Let's give our champion a run down type by type

For the most part we Americans are addicted to the lager and pilsner brews and I don't want to raise any patriotic hackles here gentlemen but American brewers fail to touch tops in their products Oh we're not denying the quahties of such potables as St Louis *Michelob* nor Denver's *Coors* or especially some of the local brews produced in small breweries throughout the German areas of Wisconsin and Minnesota However by and large Stateside beers do not touch the absolute pinnacles of lager art

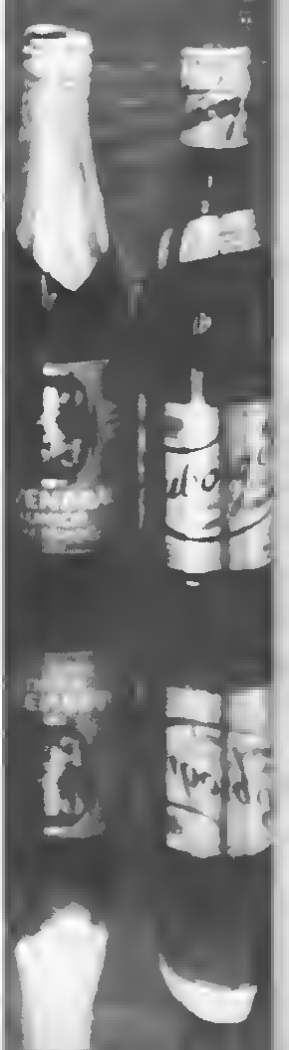
The height is to be found in Denmark Holland and – I know it's hard to believe – Mexico It's a matter of debate whether Denmark's Tuborg *Gold Cap* and Carlsberg *Export* are superior to Holland's *Heinekens* or whether either of them are up to Mexico's *Bohemian Bat* these three beers stand next to none All are exported to the States and the true connoisseur has the opportunity to give them a try

We realize there are those who at this point will indignantly shout the virtues of *Pilsner Urquelle* the original pilsen of Czechoslovakia and others who will have excited words to say for *Holsten Pilsner* from the Holsten brewery founded over six hundred years ago in Hamburg In fact adherents of German brews will be legion stressing the qualities of the products of Munich Dortmund Donauesengen Nuremberg, and Kulmbach in particular We merely state the preference of the overwhelming majority of boozish cognoscenti There is of course ample room for difference of opinion

Not actually to be considered in this category of light lagers are the wonderful beers of Australia and New Zealand Possibly the best of all Australian lagers is *Nathan's* from Adelaide or *Foster's* from Melbourne widely exported in the Pacific Nor are the *Pilsner* and the *Lager* of the Resch brewery in Sydney to be ignored In general Australian beers will run as high as twice the strength of the lighter types in Europe and America where lagers are usually between 4 percent and 5 percent alcohol

The difference between lager and ale is largely based on the yeast used in fermentation Ale is fermented at a high temperature beer at a low Yeast in ale remains at the top of the liquid during fermentation in beer it settles to the bottom American ale usually has a more pronounced hop flavor

Best ale is to be found in England However in America the products of Ballantine aren't to be belittled in fact their *Indie Pale Ale* which is aged one year in the wood is one of the premium brews to be found in the States New England abounds in ale of varying quality Interesting among them is *Pickwick* in the Boston area known locally as 'the poor man's whiskey"



such is its strength.

But England is the land of ale. There are at least seventy-five brands to be found in the London area alone. These will run from lights and browns such as Bass' *Amber Ale* and Younger's *XX*, which will run about 3 percent alcoholic content, to such strong ales as Barclay Perkins' *Winter Brew*, Simmonds' *Old Strong Ale*, Younger's *Scotch Ale* and Mann's *Extra Strong Ale* which will go as high as 9 percent.

British beers and ales, as you've heard, are served at room temperature, nor is anything wrong about that. Our lagers are brewed with refrigeration in mind and its a thirsty man who can drink American beer unchilled. On the other hand British brews are produced to serve at room temperature and are ruined when cold. I hate to use wine for an example but who would drink warm Champagne or chill Burgundy?

England and several of the continental countries reach their full glory in a brewery product seldom seen in the land of Uncle Sam. I refer now to extremely dark beers such as stout. With the exception of some of our spring time bocks the only top rating ultra-dark beer we turn out is *Pfeiffer's* from Pennsylvania. England has such winners as Simmonds *Archangel Stout*, Tollemache's *Double Stout* and Hope & Anchor's *Vi-Stout* while Ireland comes forward with the most famous of all, Guiness' *Extra Stout* the most widely exported brew in the world.

Related to British stouts are the wonderful dark beers of Germany and their cousins in Switzerland and Austria.

Munich of course, has the prime reputation. Her Hackerbrau brewery had its origins before 1417 and has been in its present premises since 1570. Hackerbrau is without doubt the best bock ever to celebrate springtime. *Lasbfrauen Bier* is their all year round product and *Oktoberfest Marzenbier* is specially brewed for the autumn celebrations at which time they go on a bear bacchanalia in Munich.

Second not even to Hackerbrau is *Lowenbrau Dark Munchener*, one of the world's great beers and exported widely even to the United States where various import and other taxes will run its cost up to 75c and more per small bottle.

Bock beer originally brewed in Einbeck, Germany – *ein bock* means a goat – is a springtime product of wheat and barley malt made with hops that have been reserved by the brewmaster all year. It is rich and strong and it's criminal that we can get it only in the Spring.

Porter, once the favorite brew of the English workingman, is no longer produced in the land of its birth. Similar to stout, but somewhat weaker in alcoholic content, it is also less bitter. A form of ale, actually, it is made from a very dark malt in somewhat the fashion of stout. The last barrel of porter produced in England came from Whitbread's brewery in 1941, however, the Guinness brewery in Ireland still turns it out. The porter fans often like to mix it half and half with beer. In the states Ballantine's is the only brewery of which we know that produces porter. It deserves more attention.

We don't want to appear biased gentlemen. He who is in the right can afford the stroog light of truth. We're going to have to admit that while some brews reach the peak of goodness there are others hardly more worthy of consumption than urine.

For instance, we can't recommend *Biere le Gazelle*, produced in Dakar French West Africa and sold to poor benighted folk who know no better. If you wind up in Dakar you'd have better luck with *Stork* put out by Brasseries Ouest-Africain. Their premium product, *Storkbrau* isn't bad at all. This concern also has breweries in Casablance and Tangier.

Africa in general is no great haven for beer drinkers sad to report. Tangiers' other beer, *Pils*, made by *Brasseries Internationales* is possibly the reason why the Prophet forbid alcoholic drinks to the faithful. And *Zenith*, of Oran Algeria, although labelled "Biere de Qualite" isn't much better. *Stella* in Egypt is weak and watersh. Malta does better with a branch of England's Simmonds' breweries and in Nairobi Kenya, *White Cap Lager* is a worth while product of Taylor's. Largely the brews of Africa have been influenced by the colonial powers that originally took over the dark continent. South African brews of the British type are good but the French areas produce no better than metropolitan France—which is a hard thing to say.

France we'll have to face it is not a beer country with the exception of Alsatian products such as *Kronenburg*, and it is only to be assumed that saboteurs from the wine industry have completely demoralized French brews. However rather than stoop to wine you might try *Graffbrau*, *Pils-Bokeema* or *Phenix* any of which are at least better than belting *vin ordinaire*.

Surprisingly enough Monaco the land of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainer does better. Although this country is only approximately half the size of Central Park it has its own *Brasserie de Monaco* and makes *Albert Export Albertbrau* and *Biere de Monaco*, all of which are fine.

Italy and Spain are, if anything, worse than France. Here we have the gruesome picture of what can happen to a country when the viniculturists are allowed to go hog wild. So pained am I at contemplating beer in Italy that we'll skip that country altogether. Suffice to say that civilization there has obviously been on the down grade since Julius Caesar, whose favorite beverage was beer.

Spain is bad enough, but rather than resort to sherry which they'll try to foist on you every time you reach out a hand for a glass you might try the draught *Victoria* made in Malaga or the bottled *Aguila*. Spain's premium beer which can be found in most of the better bars.

You're better off further north. Switzerland has its Huberstasbrau brewery in Lucerne producing *Dunkles Stark bier* which is of the Munich type and equal to Munich standards. They have a *Helles* (light) too, also tops.

Norway and Sweden aren't quite up to Denmark but the citizens of both countries are beer folk from way back. In Sweden try St. Eriks *Jubileumsol Ale* or their *Morkol* a very good dark, produced in Stockholm. And there's *Three Towns* which the Norwegians export widely from the Oslo area.

Although beer has been found on all continents in all ages we can without false modesty state it has been we Caucasians who developed it to its present state of perfection. When we leave the European and American scene it is apt to deteriorate in quality and quantity. Some few exceptions exist, however.

The San Miguel brewery in Manila turns out a surprisingly good product and Japan's *Tiger* and *Nippon* bottled beers aren't too bad although the Japs are apt to take their beer on the sweetish side. For that matter the national beverage *sake*, usually called rice wine, is actually more accurately described as a beer since it's the product of fermented cereal rather than fruit.

New Zealand, of course, although half way around the globe, maintains the European traditions. *D.B. Lager* is a bit less strong than Australian products but in there pitching. Then *Speights Ale* would cheer the heart of any beer bibber.

Tasmania has the jackpot with *Cascade Ale* which comes in red label (light) and green label (dark) and which is made with snow water from the mountains.

For some reason the lands behind the Iron Curtain seem to tend to stronger drink possibly their needs for sorrow drowning are greater than our own. However, the qualities of Czech pilsner are world famed and the *Pivo* of Yugoslavia is excellent. This latter

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DESIGN

Continued from page 8

"I'm so glad!" said Muriel warmly. "But I had to be sure ... will you excuse me for just a moment? I must call Otis right away!"

"Call your husband? What on earth for?"

"To tell him silly! About us. He'll be so pleased." Squeezing his hand with girlish enthusiasm, she slipped quickly from his embrace and darted from the ear

"Now wait just a minute!" cried Harvey struggling to regain his outraged senses

"I'll be right back," called Muriel reassuringly as she disappeared up the garden path. Sprinting after her, Harvey collided with Stella Carter in the patio. "Quick! he gasped. "Have you seen Muriel?"

She just ran in to telephone," said Stella. "Anything wrong?"

"Wrong! Do you know what's she's doing?" demanded Harvey. "Calling her husband, to tell him about us! He'll be pleased, she says ... what kind of kook is this kook, anyway?"

"Oh dear!" said Stella. "I should have warned you. Muriel has this theory about infidelity: you see. She and Otis are agreed, it seems that extra-marital affairs, in this enlightened age should be conducted openly and by mutual consent. You didn't know?"

"No!" said Harvey. "She's some kind of nut, that's what I know. I've got to stop her before—

"Too late, I'm afraid," said Stella. "She probably has Otis on the phone, by this time ... oh, here she comes, now!" She smiled sympathetically and moved discreetly ou

"It's all set!" Muriel announced, happily. "I just spoke to Otis, and he thinks we'd be very good for each other."

"He does? Well I don't!" Harvey wiped his suddenly fevered brow with a despairing hand. "Look, I'm not quite sure which of us has fupped but this is ridiculous—"

"You mean you ... you've changed your mind?" Muriel asked in a small voice. Moving closer she gazed up at him appealingly, her luminous mouse-brown eyes reflecting the stricken look of a wounded doe. "You don't want me?"

"That's not the point!" said Harvey distractedly, trying desperately to remember what was the point. "What you're suggesting is—well it's immoral, that's what it is!"

"I don't understand," said Muriel. "What's immoral? Doing it—or being honest about it?"

"Oh, come on now!" exclaimed Harvey, impatiently. "Everybody likes a little fun now and then ... but, there's such a thing as being a little discreet, too, you know. You can't just go around telling everybody—"

"Not everybody, silly! Just Otis."

"Of all people!" Harvey exploded. "Confiding in your husband! Whoever heard of such ... what kind of design for living is that?"

It's open and above board and honest and civilized!" declared Muriel sublimely. To clinch the argument, she cried a little

"It's abnormal you mean!" Harvey rejoined without tears. "It's barbaric—a deliberate flouting of convention. A crime against nature!

Desperately seeking a return to normalcy he stalked off to the house in search of the divorcee from Anaheim.

Reviewing matters in sober retrospect, next morning Harvey could not help congratulating himself on the manner in which his innate sense of good taste had enabled him to handle the situation in such creditable fashion. A lesser man, not burdened with his high principles of romantic idealism might have felt tempted. Harvey fortunately was made of sterner stuff. Intriguing as Muriel's non-conforming nonsense of complete honesty between marital partners might at first appear in the long run of course such sensually disoriented notions could not long endure

Yet, a lesser man might have overlooked Muriel's short-sighted views and succumbed to her long stemmed charms. Briefly imagining himself in the role of a lesser man, Harvey squirmed uncomfortably in his break-fast-room chair as visions of those undeniably tempting and tantalizingly attainable charms danced like sugar plums before his red rimmed eyes

Still ... Stella Carter was right. Muriel was a kook. Her ideas were contrary to all logic, even feminine logic. No woman in her right mind could ever come to terms with such foolishness.

Gazing fondly at his wife as she busied herself preparing the breakfast eye openers, Harvey experienced the warm glow of satisfaction he always felt when comparing Delphine's overly abundant, yet luscious charms with those of the competition. If only a man could stay satisfied with just one of a kind

"Tell me, darling," he asked, casually, "do you ever feel anything lacking in our relationship? I mean ... well do you ever meet men you think you'd like to—well, you know ... try on for size, sort of?"

Sure," Delphine replied, promptly "Lots of them!"

"Oh?" Harvey sipped his tomato juice thoughtfully. "Funny ... he'd never noticed. "Funny, I never noticed."

"You're not supposed to. Me either. What do you think would happen if I took notice every time you licht up like a Christmas tree, the way you always do whenever some swingin chick walks by?"

"I see what you mean," said Harvey hurriedly. "But, just supposing, you met a man you'd like to have an affair with. Would you ask me first or would you—"

"What's the matter, you sick or something? Delphine inquired with wifely concerned. "If you're trying to determine whether or not I'm a complete idiot the answer is no. My behavior would be the same as that of any other mature, sensible, well-adjusted young matron. Sneaky!"

"That's what I thought," said Harvey relieved. "Not that I expect the situation would ever come up, of course

"Oh, wouldn't it ever?" Delphine sounded a little huffy. "Well, for your information I've had my share of passes. Maybe more than you think"

Harvey smiled indulgently. "Well, sure ... I suppose, at one time or another—"

"And not all in the dimly recalled, fondly remembered past either," Delphine continued warming to her subject. "Just last week if you must know, a very improper proposal was made to me by a very attractive man I met at our bridge club meeting. He was supposed to be picking up his wife

"Really?" said Harvey, impressed in spite of himself. "Anyone we know?"

"No one *you* know," replied Delphine, somewhat smugly. "As a matter of fact if you want to know it was Muriel's husband, Otis Spender

"Otis Spender made you a sneaky proposition?" Harvey stared at her unbelievingly. "That's impossible! Muriel told me herself she and Otis have this understanding—"

"Oh that!" Delphine laughed. "Otis thought that was great, at first but now he's fed up with the whole bit. No kicks any more he says. He now longs for the good old days when he used to get a charge out of cheating on his wife. Seems like a wife who's never jealous takes all the zest out of marriage

Otis said *that?*" Muriel Spender's eyes narrowed dangerously while her bosom heaved delectably. Harvey could hardly wait for the delectably dangerous explosion to follow. "Why the miserable ungrateful two timing—"

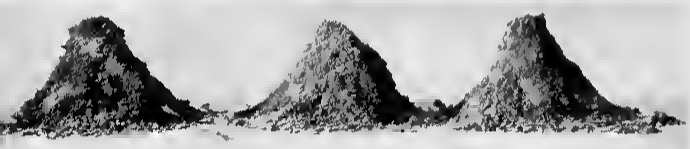
She strode angrily up and down her living room for some moments, then

Continued on page 77

MAD DEST AVE NUE

MEMO TO J. ALLSWORTHY SMITTENBURG, account executive
FROM J. ALLSWORTHY SMITTENBURG, SENIOR, senior account exec
RE: BRAIN-STORMING SESH WITH MAXX MISS JONES,

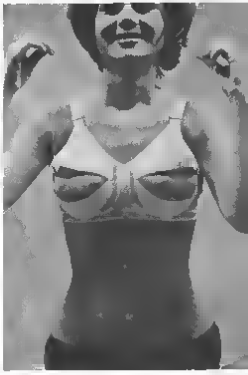
Dear J. Junior
As you can see from the enclosed picture ideas, Mary, I mean Miss Jones and I spent a decidedly busy week end at Fire Island going over those new accounts you conned, I mean, brought into the firm. Mary and I spent



"WILL THE REAL JOAN OF ARC PLEASE STAND UP?"

"MOTHER, PLEASE! I CAN'T DO IT MYSELF!"

rip-top



New two-flager RIP TOP takes top struggle aad strain off the cans. Just peel back, pull aad watch the buds bust loose! Be sure aad grab a 36 pack today. It's the *greatest!*

BUNNYHAUSER…"The Dear That Made Milt Walky Infamous"

BUNNYHAUSER BEAR COMPANY MILT WALKY TENNESSEE, INFAMOUS BOOZE NOT MORE TNAN 200 PROOF NO MATTER NOW YOU TAKE IT

.....slow on the draw but unbeatable in a pinch!

an almost sleepless three days running your down, I mean running your ideas up the flagpole,' HA HA! If you get what I mean, son! You'll probably notice immediately the keen new slant, Man, for a really bright campaign. Naturally, I had quite a bit to do with it, but Mary seems to have grasped the ideas in toto. I mean she actually thinks 'a campaign like this. Frankly, she's the hottest property we've ever had in the copy department, and I'd like your ideas about making her chief one of these days. Well, back to the ideas, kid! I figure we'll hit 'em with a dozen full color spreads in some of the choicest mags. What do you think of a double-truck in Yale Review? Nah, that don't quite have the gutsy

COOL..

BECAUSE THEY'RE LIKE THE GIRL THAT DADDY NEVER MARRIED!

readership we'd be shooting for. Agree? Say, how about a bunch of car cards for the subway audience? Agree? Well, as you may have learned by now, Mary and I worked so hard on these hard-hitting slants that we've decided to relax a little down here at Fire Island But you know the old man, hey kid, I'll probably be doing more brain-storming with Mary. Say, what do you think of her new sex angles? That Mary's sure got a load of talent, hey kid? Well, I'll sign off now. See you in my office at nine on Wednesday Have all layouts approved by then! That's an order.

DAD

Decameron

(cont[illegible] from p[illegible])

This was [illegible] dring, [illegible] foolhardy act as you shall later see not only because of the great danger to the ship but from the commission of the most serious in those days crime of transporting a woman into Saturn's rings for immoral purposes At that time instead of an invitation to become a member of a select order* to which all three of us gentlemen here belong, violation of the Ringman Act carried an automatic castration sentence—a penalty of no mean magnitude when one considers the prestige and station that was attached to dynasty even as now

In any measure you can imagine the good lady's dismay to wake and find love's own rainbow calling to her from the port She made great haste to close the shutter but had already begun to feel the tickle of nectar and laughed to herself at the fine trick the worthy prince had played upon her And when she stepped into the main salon and found him sitting there grinning like a Venusian dust devil she said "Well my liege I suppose you are quite satisfied with yourself?" acting more vexed than really she was

"Yes I am" he replied touching a device that opened all ports along both sides of the salon "And what do you think about it?"

"I am quite angry with you," she answered, beginning to remove her clothing "This is a serious crime for which I shall see that you lose your questionable manhood" She let her final garments fall away and laid herself upon the couch so that the good prince could not help but know what it was that she wanted Then she said "You are a dishonorable rascal to do this to me come over here" She gave him one view and yet another "This dastardly act will not go unpunished come to me" She writhed in anticipation Your friends will think you a sorry man for having to use trickery and magic to gain a lover I cannot stand it!"

But after a few minutes when her host did not join her the woman sat up and said "What is the matter good sir? Has the cat got your tongue? Have you marched such a great distance that you no longer have the strength to take the castle now that you have arrived and found the drawbridge down?" Her urgency was a fever within her

"Ah my fine lady" the gallant said "Now that your hearth is warm as mine has been these last months it must be tended in only the most correct and careful manner So saying he took a pressure suit from a locker and bade her put it on

"What are you saying you dolt!" she cried angrily "Surely you do not intend to accommodate you in this!"

"But of course my dear" the good knight answered disrobing "And I shall wear one, too

Seeing her host thus present himself she had little more strength left than to follow his instruction so faint was she from the ringlight stoked fires in her belly

The knight got into his suit and said "These pressure suits are necessary because the integrity of the hull in this orbit can only be maintained for a few hours and we do not want to be disturbed during our ballet They were specially made to my instructions for this purpose as you shall see" And so saying, he showed her how the two suits fastened together at a most peculiar place Then he turned off the artificial gravity of the yacht Once the seal of the suits was completed he was about ready to complete another seal when he suddenly said "I have forgotten to do a necessary thing in the control room I shall be back immediately" And leaving the two suits fastened together he got out of his resealed it and left the frustrated lady floating in the salon with the ringlights pouring in upon her "Think of me while I am gone" he said and you can imagine that she did

Ten earthminutes later in a state of high passion the woman floundered to the control room door in time to hear the blast of the lifeboat leaving the yacht Several hours later the first meteorite punctured the hull of the ship

And this is how the great and good lord used his wits for once, to overcome his lust and performed an exquisite revenge upon this most capricious and unkind of women

It has been said by some that the unhappy woman must have been consumed by her own passion long before she starved, so strong are the powers of the ringlights But of this I cannot venture an opinion

The now defunct Sacred Order of Saturns, which in the time of the telling of this tale was the brotherhood elite has been obsoleted by technologies that have made the venture through the rings quite safe and commonplace But during these times the passage was known as the spanish fly the exact derivation of which is unknown but is felt to refer to some kind of historic gauntlet.

The Generous Prospector

Third fine gallant then rose and still chuckling at the previous tale did relate

On the glide from New Los Angeles to Khrushchevgrad across that great and most disheartening of desert the New Red Sea, rode a man and his shrewish wife The fellow being merry and fond of tuning the broad whenever the opportunity arose espied through the half open door of the compartment next door a pretty young damsel lying asleep Feeling the hot fingers of opportunity strumming he persuaded his wife to spend the evening in the entertainment dome and then going to the door he called softly to the sleeping maiden She did not stir and getting bolder the fellow shipped inside and closed the door

Finding her even fairer than he had hoped he put his lips to her ear and whispered "My pretty one, are you so deeply asleep that you cannot hear love's own opportunity knocking" But when he smelled her breath and saw the empty vinonarco flagon on the floor he knew that Fate was offering him a rare golden moment and that he would be noworthy to meet any other good luck if he were coward enough to allow it to escape He immediately lifted up her skirts—for she was fully dressed—and set to work with such intent that even in her narcoholic dream the woman moaned her approval After a while, when he had tumbled her several times, he took his leave congratulating himself on his good fortune

But instead of returning to his compartment next door he went to the refreshment dome where he happened to meet an old acquaintance Being in particularly high spirits the fellow told his friend of his fortunate discovery and suggested that the friend, too might similarly enjoy digging for the same treasure The friend agreed and after receiving a treasure map departed to seek his fortune

Unknowingly however instead of entering the compartment of the accommodating maiden he entered his friend's compartment next door where the good fellow's wife had already retired for the night The treasure seeker groped his way to the bed and hearing the woman sleeping and assuming her to be in the narcoholic state his friend has described climbed immediately under the coverlets to begin his pros-

pecting. There, by braille, he determined the correct coordinates of the treasure and began to dig. The woman soon awoke and, thinking that it was her husband — or so we are led to believe she thought — began to help him as best she could. But after the fellow had ruffled her several times and yet began his mining again the woman said "Good husband are you so gluttonous that you cannot let your wife get her sleep?"

This revelation so frightened the fellow that his courage began to grow limp and he would have discontinued his labor had not the woman, like all women allowed as how he might as well complete his journey as long as he had already made the necessary preparations, mounted and started up the trail. Once he had finished though the good woman turned over and went to sleep, leaving the fellow to contemplate his next action. This did not take him long however, and he slipped from the bed and made his escape back to the refreshment dome where his friend and unknowing benefactor was waiting to hear of his success.

The prospector thanked the husband greatly for sharing his discovery, but warned him that the vinonarco had worn off leaving the woman truly in control of all her faculties — a fact that had made the finding even more rewarding but also more dangerous. Of this the two talked further, marvelling at their luck at not having encountered the legal owner of said treasure mine while they had been working the mother lode.

The selfmade cuckold returned to his compartment where he got into bed beside his snoring wife though his imagination was getting into bed with the maiden next door. His wife turned away from him with her backside protruding — as women's backsides are wont to do — and his thoughts about the one woman gave rise to action against the other. He began to attack the sleeping woman closely and was making goodly progress when she awoke greatly angered at having been thus disturbed twice in the same night by the marauding stallion. She then gave the poor fellow such a vicious tongue-lashing for wearing out his welcome that he was unable to sleep the rest of the night so hotly did his ears smart and wildly did his wits reel. And you can imagine what things the fellow must have thought when he finally realized what had happened, even as would the slowest dullard. At any rate, his wife gave him a goodly time to ponder these thoughts when she sentenced him to a fortnight of absence from her for his nocturnal gluttony.

⊥

BEER IS THE KING!

Continued from page 69

is darker, richer and stronger than the usual lager and considerably more expensive than Slavonian wines.

Hungary's beer is apt to be on the malty side. *Giraffe* produced by Monipex in Budapest runs 6 percent alcohol and though refreshing is apt to leave a thickish taste in your mouth after six or eight bottles. Poland has a brew as dark and almost as thick as syrup and takes some getting used to. Reports from Russia indicate that there are beers along the Yngoslavian *Pzco* type, heavy for American tastes and sometimes poorly filtered so that there will be a slight sediment in the bottom of the bottle.

Space limits my ability to dwell further on the glories of brew throughout the world fellow beer bibbers, but I think our point is proven. Evidence enough has been presented that we advocates of the foaming glass need take no back seat to these mealy-mouthed winos trying to undermine our institutions. Beer is the most ancient of beverages, universal in variety of appeal, international in its scope.

And, I hate to wave the flag here but it's a matter of historical record that George Washington ran a well-equipped brewery at Mount Vernon and that among others of the American forefathers Sam Adams, James Madison, Israel Putnam and James Ogle thorpe were brewmasters as was William Penn who operated one of the country's first commercial breweries.

What I mean to say is if these wine sippers don't like this country and its way of life why don't they go back where they came from? I'm not usually the vigilante type, understand, but there is a rumor going around that a fiery cross is going to be burned tonight on the lawn of the local winery.

I've got some tar left over from fixing the roof if somebody else has a couple of old feather pillows we can scare up an old fence rail and

⊥

THOUSANDS THANK THIS INSPIRED MAN WHO AT

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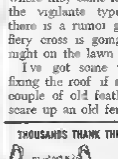
CAN STILL SAY



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DESIGN

Continued from page 70

paused suddenly fast in contemplation. "He's right, you know — it isn't the same, anymore. I've noticed it, too!"

She resumed her pacing, now more in sorrow than in anger. "When you know the roof isn't going to fall in, no matter what — well it just isn't very exciting."

"My idea, exactly" said Harvey, catching her on her third lap around the sofa and pulling her down beside him. He kissed her excitingly.

"Forbidden fruit tastes the sweeter," he suggested, nibuttoning her blouse with the air of one about to uncover hidden treasure without a permit.

"Mmm!" Muriel agreed, beginning to recapture the misty eyed nostalgia the excitement of past infidelities. "But Otis never comes home unexpectedly... wait darling... not here in the house. Couldn't we go some place a little more risky?"

"I know just the place." Harvey assured her. "A motel just outside Anaheim. Caters to the young married crowd. Very discreet, yet not without a certain element of risk —"

"Wonderful!" breathed Muriel. "I'll leave a note for Otis — tell him I went bowling."

"He knows you don't bowl," Harvey pointed out. "He's sure to suspect something."

"Yes!" agreed Muriel with shining eyed anticipation. She sighed happily. "He'll be so pleased!"

⊥

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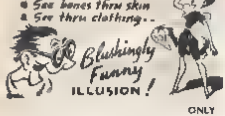

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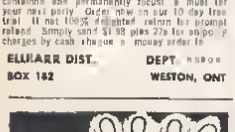

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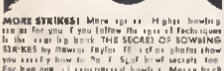

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Continued from page 32

fellini:

One day, at his Funny Face shop, Roberto Rossellini stopped and talked with him. From this casual meeting came a collaboration which lasted for eight years. Fellini became known as Rossellini's "ideas man," and helped to write *Open City* and *Paisan* for Rossellini.

Then in the early 1950's Fellini went out on his own. His first two productions were moderately successful, but his third, *I Vitelloni*, was considered a minor masterpiece. From there followed *A Matrimonial Agency*, *La Strada*, *Il Bidone*, *The Nights of Cabiria*.

Finally he created *La Dolce Vita*, which cast Fellini upon the world like a tornado out of darkness. He interviewed 10,000 actors for various parts in the film, and searched throughout Europe for the personalities he was seeking. Decisions were difficult. Occasionally he would not select the actor until he was ready to shoot that particular scene.

Normally, Fellini will not create a part with a particular actor in mind. An exception was the lead in *Nights of Cabiria*, which he created for his wife, Giulietta Masina.

When he filmed *La Dolce Vita*, he and the picture's star Marcello Mastroianni, were often together 16 and 18 hours a day. When Mastroianni would ask Fellini what the film portended he was told: "It's a kind of baroque merry go-round, a dance of images that move here and there without resting and thus compose something like a fresco of modern society."

Fellini claims that a script can be no more than a basic outline of what the director intends to do—a constant delight to the staff and cast. But he denies that he improvises as do many *nouvelle vague* directors. He always knows from the beginning where he is headed but he admits that he can change his mind on how to get there.

"For days and days you mull over a problem and you think you've solved it," the maestro observes. "Then, on the set at the moment of shooting, you suddenly become aware that the faces are different, that the atmosphere has changed, that what you planned no longer goes. And at that moment comes a new idea which solves the problem simply logically, perfectly. Can anybody say I shouldn't switch to that new idea?"

Although a dedicated Catholic, Fellini denies that he preaches morality. "I do not condemn, do not promote any cause, do not draw any conclusions," he declares. Rather he depicts personages who continue to move about, to undress, to drink, to dance, as if they expected something to happen. What do they expect? Perhaps a miracle, perhaps a war, maybe flying saucers or arrival of Martians."

If he had his way, he would work 12 months a year. While working he gets about five or six hours sleep a night, during which he often sees parts that he is filming pass before his eyes.

La Dolce Vita established Fellini to the point where he no longer has trouble finding production money. He received only $50,000 for his part in creating the epic of contemporary Roman decadence.

"It's always the same story," he reflects. "You have no idea of the fatigue of finding moneys—meetings after meetings, talks upon talks, endless telephone conversations, fights and threats galore. One producer doesn't like my title, another insists on a different cast. Today everything is settled tomorrow everything's up in the air. Luckily all that wasn't necessary with *8½*."

Fellini thanks this is the 'age of scandal, journalism and the candid camera, of motor cars and café society'. Although *La Dolce Vita* relates the lives of only a few hundred people living in the environment of Rome's Via Veneto, he feels that it is really representative of international society.

But the maestro cannot imagine making a movie outside of Italy. He has received offers from film capitals throughout the world including

$350,000 from Paramount in Hollywood, but he has turned them all down.

"How can I make pictures about people I don't know?" Fellini asks. "I know how a farmer from Frosinone looks or how an olive picker from Montefiascone talks, but in America I know nothing about similar details."

With this same mundane approach, Fellini works with his cast. "My first preoccupation is to let the actor have his most intimate freedom. I try immediately to captivate him, to gain his confidence, to put him at ease. With my actors, I must share my basket lunch. I must talk women. I must become his friend.

"I would describe myself as a minstrel, an exhibitionist," the director continues, classifying himself as something of a showman. "I want to tell stories about myself, my memories, my ideas, sensations, desires. My films are born of this necessity. The circus moves me quite irrationally. It is a fact that all my films have something reminiscent of the circus. They want to shock to astonish, overwhelm, *epater* the audience. They are continuously searching for the sensation better the sensational!"

Perhaps the great cinematic works created by Fellini, Antonioni, Rossellini, Visconti and others could only come out of Italy. In striking contrast to the subtle, graceful techniques of Sweden's Ingmar Bergman, the Italians are violent, profound, emotional, careless and occasionally brilliantly satirical.

When I make a picture, I create it all around me," says Fellini. "I am in a big alibi because the thing itself carries me. I am healthy, happy; don't need anything, except sex. I can do anything and it doesn't matter. When I am working, I live in a dimension in which I am absolved, taken by life.

"For example, you decide to take a trip, go to the station, sit down on the train, and — then you are no longer traveling yourself, but the trip is traveling you. I am as in a trance, and someone else worries about me.

"My crisis begins when a picture finishes, when I am again with my real problems — God, wife, women, taxes — until a new light comes to announce a new game, and it takes me again."

The great director says that "8½" is more than a confession. It is my testament."

Fellini's testament to life is his genius.

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HAVELOCK ELLIS

Continued from page 51

two. And she was only six years old!

"My earliest dreams of the superiority of the male," Florne recalls "were connected with urination. I felt aggrieved with Nature because I lacked so useful and ornamental an organ." When told in her early teens that she lacked religious fervor, Florrie promptly knelt down and tried to remedy her deficiency but, she reports, "I remember kneeling and trying hard to get the feeling that the moment had come but I never experienced that kind of orgasm."

Florne, although very much the master of any abnormal sexual practice, was often strangely unmoved by a more prosaic sensual experience. While attending college a professor became very attracted to her and began to send her flowers. "Her senses were quite untouched." Havelock Ellis reports. "Even when one day in a cab he opened her blouse took out her breast and sucked the nipple she believes that she felt no sexual pleasure." Quite a girl.

In her late twenties Florne began to have intense daydreams and to invent stories about being whipped and maltreated by men. She went into great detail in her reports to Ellis and among other things he notes that as she grew older "she was moved to take photographs of her own nates."

Although Florne was perhaps Havelock Ellis' outstanding single example of a case history provided by an intelligent and willing subject she was by no means his only one. His "Histories of Sexual Development' still stands as the definitive work on real life erotic behavior. The most inventive modern novelist would be hard put to compete with the nearly book length history of a "university man trained in psychology" who in the summer of my fourth year found pleasure in daubing my genitals with oil and producing an erection." The precocious four year-old activities broadened out to include "coitus inter femina with my brother and copulation with animals."

There are few four letter words in Havelock Ellis' writings. However, hundreds of pages of closely set type are devoted to explaining what all the four letter words *mean*, with the result that depending on how one looks at it, one is faced with the ultimate in high class pornography or with the broad base of a liberal education.

Ellis proved as far back as 1908, that racial segregation had no place in lustful liasons. He tells of how one subject a ten-year-old, and his companions "a negro girl two daughters of the local clergyman and two sons of a woman hotelkeeper engaged from morning to night in various forms of indecency, with the supreme caress—which they termed 'raising dicks'—as the most frequent enjoyment."

The master researcher does not overlook the more fundamental phases of the sex act in his quest for interesting deviations. In a lengthy treatise entitled "The Art of Love" he writes what amounts to a primer on sexual intercourse. We are led from coitus interruptus and coitus reservatus to a discussion of the different positions. "To be quite frank," he concludes. "I can hardly think of any combination which does not figure among my case books as having been practiced by my patients." Of the Anglo-Saxon method he says. "The face to face attitude possesses great significance in the fact that it is the outward sign that the human couple has outgrown the animal sexual attitude of the hunter seizing his prey in the act of flight, and content to enjoy the attitude from behind."

A close reading of all of Havelock Ellis' works leaves one with the impression that there is nothing new under the sexual sun. His descriptions of Erotic Symbolism alone especially the chapter dealing with shoe fetishism, would earn him a place on today's best seller lists. For example. "A government official whose first coitus in youth took place on a staircase, the sound of his partner's creaking shoes against the stairs produced by her efforts to accelerate orgasm formed an association which developed into an auditory shoe fetishism. In the streets he was compelled to follow ladies whose shoes creaked, ejaculation being thus produced while to obtain complete satisfaction he would make a prostitute otherwise naked sit in front of him in her shoes moving her feet so that the shoes creaked."

Ellis' studies of various forms of exhibitionism would bring him to trial in a number of states and anyone who has read his "Synthesis of Dreams" must surely feel that even their most bizarre and lascivious nocturnal meanderings are commonplace by comparison. His "Sexual Education and Nakedness" is mainly a historic exercise dealing with the part that nudity has played in human affairs from the time of the Greeks; he describes Sparta as one vast nudist colony and makes a telling point to the effect that the evolution of modesty brought with it an unhealthy sexual attitude, his verbal descriptions of vigorous, undraped, public sex must make even the most staid researcher long for the good old days.

It should be understood that Havelock Ellis was not merely a compiler of case histories and a seeker after grotesque sexual gymnastics. He was an innovator and an original thinker and his definitions have withstood the test of time. "The final conjugation of two individuals," he writes of the sex act "is an explosion of detumescence thus slowly brought about though it is largely an involuntary act, is still not without its psychological implications and consequences."

Ellis could be irreverent. "The Civilizational Value of Prostitution," he could be bold. "The difference between the woman who sells herself in prostitution and the woman who sells herself in marriage is only the difference in price and duration of the contract" he could be informative. "The Origin and History of the Condom" and he could be entertaining. "The Immense Variety of Possible Erotic Fetishes."

Unfortunately for the general public the nature of Havelock Ellis' writings almost invariably lands him on the wrong side of the laws governing erotic material. In one sense it is fortunate that "Man and Woman," "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," and much of his other work remains the private property of scholars and professional writers. If he was quotable verbatim in these pages the highly lucrative market cultivated by de Sade, Frank Harris and Henry Miller and their great host of four letter imitaters would probably vanish overnight.

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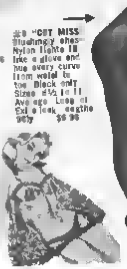

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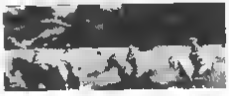

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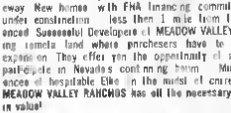

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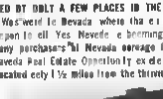

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